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WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN.

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WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN.

VOL. IX. OCTOBER, 1894. No. 10.

WAR IN KOREA. The foreign community in Seoul are protected by the marines of five Western nations and missionaries there move about freely, but numerous robbers prevent country work. Early in July, provisions and fuel were laid in for some months. Rice, which ordinarily costs $3, was then selling at $9. Mails are carried by men-of-war. There are no newspapers in Seoul and our brethren sometimes know less than we in America of how the war is going. Sunday, August 5, after the battle of Ah San, the victorious Japanese entered the Capital under triumphal arches.

WHERE is Brother Moffett who went up to Pyeng Yang to settle the persecution business? and how are the Gales and Swallens of Gensan? are uppermost questions as we go to press, for telegraphic communication with those places was cut off some weeks ago and, as our readers know, a battle has been fought at Pyeng Yang.

THE Fusan missionaries were disposed to remain there, at last accounts, though Japanese soldiers, horse and foot, were still pouring in as if to stay, even bringing their own firewood.

THE last letter from Mr. Moffett, dated Pyeng Yang, July 31, was dispatched by courier to Seoul. In a city wild with excitement, women crying, people fleeing, where he and Mr. Mackenzie were stoned thrice this summer, he writes: "Word from Seoul advises me to leave, but, after careful thought, I have concluded to stay. The Lord placed me here. Our little band will become demoralized if I leave. I have been urging the men here to trust the Lord and not worry—surely I can do the same, and I have faith to believe the result will be to give us wider opportunity in the Lord's work."

And *we* must have faith in the Omnipotent Hand to cover our brethren in the hour of peril and to use this war to cleanse the nations from their idols.

WAR IN JAPAN: Mission helpers among the companies of reserves that are marching into camp; their homes and families and churches swept with excitement; the parade ground in Kanazawa alive with men and horses under inspection by army officers; patriotic religious demonstrations by Shintoists and Buddhists; the Christians at Kyoto raising money to send nurses to the front; the Japanese, to a man, keen for war and "none more eager to thrash China than the Christians."

"IT will be a sad day for Kanazawa when the news comes of her death," writes one. Yes, for Miss Hesser has been a power for Christ in Japan and many souls she has there for her crown of rejoicing. As we look back, her path seems a track of light. One week before her release, she wrote to the Mission House expressing her content with God's will and saying, characteristically, "My heart is much in Japan." Her resting place is in Los Angeles, beside the graves of three missionaries to China.

DR. AND MRS. MCGILVARY, on their way back to Laos, were at Port Said August 14; the Doctor was conducting Sunday services on board ship. Heavy-hearted on account of the enforced return of the good physician from Chieng Mai, he writes: "If our extremity is not God's opportunity, what is to become of our work?"

DR. PATON sailed in August for Australia, after incessant traveling and speaking in Great Britain since leaving our shores. He has secured two young men associates and the promise of two more next year, besides another of his own sons and £900 in contributions, which, if correctly reported, are to be *annual*. In taking farewell, Dr. Paton charged Christians to remember there are still 40,000 cannibals in the New Hebrides. "I hope to be spared to see these brought to Jesus. I want a missionary for 6,000 people on the west side of Tanna and if I get none I mean to go myself."

Bishop Stuart, accompanied by his daughter and an Irish lady, has just sailed from England as missionary to the Mohammedans of East Persia, whose language he already speaks. The Bishop having been forty-four years a missionary, the last seventeen years holding his high office in New Zealand, now sees the churches gathered among the Maories able to maintain the Faith and, throwing up his bishopric, goes forth once more with his pioneer staff.

The example of the white-haired but indomitable veterans named above is a challenge to Young Men of the Church. Do they all hear the challenge? Will they suffer themselves to be out-run by men who entered the arena forty years before themselves? Where are the spiritual athletes who, this year graduating from the contest of the college campus, will enlist on the high field of Redemption against the enemies of the Son of God?

That doctor so long sought for Mosul on the Tigris has not been found.

At this season more than any other in the year, is felt the strain of parting with out-going missionaries. Readers will see by reference to "Departures" for this and preceding months how many have already gone. Others are to leave in the course of a few weeks. Just after we go to press, a Farewell Meeting will convene for the Interior Africa party, two men with their wives and a third man; altogether, the Fall Departures number about sixty. Will not our spiritual women request public prayer in their local church services for these men and women? There is much to be thankful for in the history which lies back of these living offerings, including sometimes a mother in Heaven, or a grandfather who stood in his pulpit till his eyes grew dim. There should be joy in the Church that God has called them forth, as there is unfeigned joy among workers on the field that they are coming. In every case they leave long ripples of personal interest in their wake; let a tide of loving prayer flow back to the starting-point, and sweep these ripples into perennial streams of loyal devotion to the Master's last command.

The West Africa Mission Committee have selected the site for the *second* interior station, at a point seventy miles east of Efulen near the town of Ebolewo'e.

Dr. Kerr's return to Canton with Mrs. Kerr was most timely. He visited the boat for plague-patients twice a day, or oftener. At the request of the Viceroy, dispensaries were closed and mission work largely suspended during the excitement. It has been a depressing summer for all our Canton friends surrounded, as they were for months, by sickness, sorrow and death and the pitiful evidence of dark superstition. The "Letters" give fuller particulars of facts which were briefly mentioned last month.

It struck the apprehension of some of the Turks in old Stamboul when, the day after the disastrous earthquake of July 10th, the only business house open in the city was the American Bible House whose walls, at the same time, had a great rent down the sides.

Advancing in Laos. A Lao gone to Pen Nyow, six days northeast of Lakawn, as a home missionary.

Dr. Cochran and Mr. St. Pierre spent a month in July–August overlooking the mountain field in Persia and almost miraculously escaped robbery. They went unarmed.

The ladies in Oroomiah severally received a present this summer of what is, there, a rare luxury—a few lemons.

The evangelical mission of the Church of England which centers at Ispahan, Persia, which has long been illuminated by such a leader as Dr. Bruce and to which Bishop Stuart is going, should not be confounded with the very different High Church Mission which in recent years has been offensively planted by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the midst of our Oroomiah field.

On our part it is no small gift to pass over to others, permanently, any one of our noble band of medical women, but on the Methodist side it was only reprisal—see "Marriages."

Our very temperate mention, last month, of the attack upon Dr. S. Lovinia Halverson and Dr. Regina M. Bigler, of Canton, proves to be far within the facts. A full account may be found in the *N. Y. Evangelist* of September 13.

The "Cross-bearer's Missionary Reading Circle" has for its object the spread of missionary literature and is so conducted as to be able to furnish some books at reduced rates. The Secretary is addressed, Rev. Z. M. Williams, Gallatin, Mo.

OUR MISSIONARIES IN PERSIA.

AND POST OFFICE ADDRESSES.

Mrs. Fred'k G. Coan,	Oroomiah.	Mrs. Turner Brashear,	Tabriz.	Miss Letitia H. McCampbell,	Teheran.
Mrs. Joseph P. Cochran,	"	Miss G. Y. Holliday,	"	Mrs. J. L. Potter,	"
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Dr. Emma T. Miller,	"	Miss May Wallace,	"	Mrs. S. Lawrence Ward,	"
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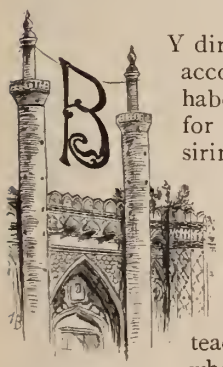
Miss Lillian Reinhart, "	"	Miss Annie Gray Dale,	"	Dr. Jessie C. Wilson,	"
Dr. Mary E. Bradford,	Tabriz.	Mrs. Lewis F. Esselstyn,	"		

In this country: Mrs. E. W. McDowell, Milford Centre, Ohio; Miss Anna Melton, Fairfield, Iowa; Miss Charlotte Montgomery, Princetown, Prince Edward I., Canada; Mrs. S. G. Wilson, Lake Forest, Ill.

A TOUR AMONG ARMENIAN VILLAGES IN PERSIA.

May 29–June 22, 1894.



BY direction of the Station and accompanied by Pastor Nahabediamtz, I left Hamadan for villages to the South, desiring especially to reach those Armenians who had been forced in the old time to accept the Moslem faith. The Station also hoped that we could settle our good teacher Dirouhi in a village where she might open a school. We started Wednesday and reached Barabend, a Moslem village, that evening. Among the women who came to see me only a few could understand Persian, but there was one from the city who translated into Turkish for them. The two girls with me went out and talked among the women and seemed fully to realize how much had been given them in their education and to wish others to share their blessings.

Thursday we reached a Moslem village about 3 P.M., and rested an hour. I had a room full of women to whom I told the glad tidings, and the Pastor had men under the trees to listen to his message, and they begged us to give them Gospels. That night we reached Hadji-abad, a new Armenian village. It is well situated, has good water, is near the City, and has no priest to stir up opposition; so we tried to settle Dirouhi there. When we had almost given up hope of finding a room, one was promised and we left her with her mother.

Saturday we reached Gasmabad in the heat of one of the hottest days, only to find no food for the horses; so, after I had finished my talk with the women, we were obliged to go on to Toora, a Moslem village, which the Pastor thought had hardly been touched by Christian influence. Sabbath, I had five meetings for women, the largest under the trees where at least a hundred gathered, besides men who sat respectfully behind and listened to the good news of salvation for all people. The Pastor, too, was busy that day and many heard from him the way of life for the first time and begged for Gospels. Just as we were leaving in the morning the Teacher sent his servant to ask for a New Testament. I hesitated about giving it instead of selling, but reflecting that it might be his only opportunity to hear of Christ, I sent it. We were early on the road, and reached Galla two hours before noon. Finding an exquisite flower garden in the midst of a desert waste would have been small pleasure in comparison with the delight of entering Mirza Minas' schoolroom. Clean and sweet, decorated with June roses, walls adorned with scripture texts and cards which he had received as prizes, his books neatly arranged in the *takhtchas* and a tiny table holding God's Word before him—one glance at that room would repay all the labor spent on the poor village boy, who came to our school without even a knowledge of the alphabet: but when we looked at him teaching other village boys, heard them read the Gospel in Armenian or Persian—when we saw how they had imitated his cleanliness, best of all were learning from him the way of life, the reward was increased many fold. As we were going to send him to Hamadan early in the morning, I proposed he give notice that we would have a little examination in the evening and I would prepare a programme. So, the boys were grouped on the village green with their teacher and us under our

two lanterns, the men on carpets in front, the women seated by the stream under the trees, through which the stars looked down. The boys sang, recited, read, the Pastor preached and Minas thanked the people for their kindness and bade them good-by.

Next afternoon we left for Ooryan. The old priest there promised last winter that he would accompany us to the villages where the Armenians had become Moslems, if we would come in the spring, but we soon saw that he was afraid to keep his promise. Ascension Day I had a large meeting in the church at Ooryan, and read to the women how, as the Master was blessing His disciples, "he was parted from them."

Friday the priest accompanied us to Azna, the village that, when I was there four years ago, so much desired Minas for teacher. One priest and the people are still just as anxious to have the school, but the chief priest will not allow it. However, he entertained us hospitably, and, as our load was heavy for our horse, sent his brother and a donkey with us the rest of the way. In the exuberance of his kindness, he came to my door to tell me he had "the best wines and spirits and I could have anything of the kind I wished." This gave me the opportunity I desired to tell him how sorry I was to see in him evidence that he was in the habit of testing the quality of these wines. "Like priest, like people" is sadly true of the villages in this respect. I had a large meeting of women in the afternoon. A Moslem woman brought her blind son and brother, so, after I was done speaking in Armenian, I read in Persian the story of the blind man and told of Him who came to open blind eyes, bodily and spiritual. So my subjects were ever given me, the bread-baking affording opportunity to tell of the bread of life, and the water brought to tell of the water of life.

The Ooryan priest returned to his village in the morning, and, with the brother of the other priest, we left for Hosseinabad. Saturday we had a long, hard road but reached the village in safety, and just when all danger seemed past, one of the horses broke the wagon. At first I wondered why the Father allowed this to happen, but I soon saw the people were in special need of a lesson in Sabbath-keeping. The carpenter was anxious to do the work on Sabbath, and the people were astonished when I positively forbade, telling him I would sooner remain two days than thus disobey God's command, so he did what he could Saturday evening and finished Monday. Then we saw the mercy in its happening just there, for I think that was the only Armenian village where we could have found a carpenter to do this work.

That evening they begged me to go and see a poor old man who was ill. Quite an audience was soon gathered, so I gave the Testament to the Pastor, who held a short service. On Sabbath I had two small meetings, the Pastor preached and I had a miniature Sunday-school. The priest there is teaching the boys to recite, or chant, the church service and they are very bright and eager to learn.

Time would fail to tell of all the villages, but we went thus from one to another, sometimes stopping only a little while when the women would gather around the wagon, and I would tell of God's love for them and they would say, "Pray for us before going." Or, we might have to stop in a Moslem village to get a horse shod, and I would go unwillingly to a garden, for fear I would not be able to reach the women; a woman would come and give us water to drink, and soon others would gather till there would be as many as my voice could reach, as I read of the weary traveler who begged water from the woman at the well, and after gave her "living water." Our circumstances illustrated the story, and we believe the same Saviour will answer us and give living water to these sinful ones. In another village I would go out on the roof and sit on the steps of a ladder in the evening. The roof would soon be crowded with men and women to hear me read and the Pastor would preach, or exhort them to continue steadfast in the faith of Christ, reading the story of Paul's visitation of the churches, and the priest would explain: "They are just doing what Paul did." In the morning I take the same kind of a seat in the yard, and have a crowd of Moslems and Armenians and tell them the only way of pardon and peace. Or, in another village, the women hold up their wee children, saying, "Bless my child." Then I tell them of Him who gathers the lambs in his bosom, and pray Him to bless them all. So we travel through twenty-four villages, endeavoring to sow beside all waters.

We found among all these priests *one* man who was in a measure educated, but the majority are simply blind leaders of the

blind. *That* one really seemed to desire the elevation of his people, but he had no conception of spiritual religion. On our return, however, in one village we found one among three resident priests, who really understood the spiritual nature of Christianity, and was well versed in the Scriptures. His people keep the Sabbath better, but when I accompanied him to church, the only individual present was the officiating clergyman and, just as in all the other churches, a few old men came in before the service ended. As we went from the church and saw groups sitting idly here and there, he said sadly, "They prefer just the bodily rest." This priest treated us most courteously, giving our Pastor the same honor in the house he gives to his brother priests, and, in the church, giving me a seat at his right and asking when their service was concluded if I would not conduct my prayers. I told him I preferred meeting the women two hours after noon, when they would be at leisure. In the forenoon, the Pastor preached to a good audience in the priest's large room, and priest and deacon were attentive listeners. They remained to hear what I had to say on Temperance. It did not seem to have occurred to the old priest (who is a very moderate drinker) that it could be necessary for him to abstain totally, for the sake of his people. After noon the bell was rung and there must have been 150 women and girls at the meeting. The son of the Khan, a gentle, delicate boy, remained through the service and wanted to know what was being said, so I promised him a Testament and marked places which told of our sinfulness, salvation by Christ, peace with God, walking according to the new life, final redemption and eternal glory. So I was able to send this much of the light, into the Moslem fort, with the hope that it would dispel the darkness.

We were sorry indeed we could not promise to the priest, the teacher he begged for. He assured us that a room and all things necessary for the school would be provided, if only we would send the teacher. How often during this journey I wished I could be ten instead of one and establish as many schools in these villages, when they begged me so to remain with them.

We returned by another road, working as we came, and found Dirouhi had made friends with the Prince's daughters and was helping one of them to make a dress. The Princess sent for me to drink tea with her. She owns the village and at once offered to prepare a room for Dirouhi and her work, if we would leave her there. Her husband asked permission to come in, and, without knowing what his wife had said, made the same offer. So we left them there; the mother very discontented, but Dirouhi brave and anxious to enter this door, which we hope "no man can shut." There are many adversaries and the work needs our constant prayers, but He who opened the door in Hamadan, and kept it open, is able to do the same in these villages. *Annie Montgomery.*

ONE OF THE MOST DISGRACEFUL THINGS IN SHIAH MOHAMMEDANISM.

Mrs. Esselstyn, of Teheran, refers in a recent letter to what is known in Persia as the *muta'a*, a legal, authorized transaction which is among the greatest abominations of any country or any age. She says:

"Mr. Esselstyn has just returned from a tour in Mazanderan where he has been with Dr. Wishard for three weeks. They found great opportunity for work, both medical and evangelistic.

"Mr. Esselstyn has been telling me about the condition of the women who work in the rice fields in Mazanderan. A man who owns a field, instead of hiring laborers, marries eight or ten, or as many women as he needs to do the work. He marries them for the few months that there is work and then divorces them. During the winter, each goes somewhere else and becomes the wife of some other man, or finds work, or begs, and at the beginning of the next rice season they often come back and re-marry the same man. These poor women work all day in the hot sun, in mud two to three feet deep, often with babies strapped to their backs. In Persia there are two kinds of marriages: one, where the people are married until they grow tired of each other, then they easily get a divorce. The other way, the man takes a wife for three days, a month, a year, or as long as he pleases to contract for, and until this time has expired he can not divorce her."

TEHERAN HOSPITAL was formally opened October, 1893. It comprises two large public wards and two small ones, where private patients are received, a surgery and a waiting room. The annual cost of a public bed, including food and treatment, is about $45. The cuts exhibit the patients down each side of one of the large wards, but they do not show how ample the space is in the middle, nor how high ceiled the room.

PUBLIC WARD IN

Key to cuts.—On page 260, beginning in front: the first case admitted to hospital, a portion of the hand amputated; next, an excision of ankle; a case of skin grafting; a tumor. Page 261, an accident case, cataract, large scalp wound from a fall, two cases of necrosis.

Dr. J. G. Wishard is in charge of the hospital. It is about two miles from the central mission premises in Teheran, where Dr. Mary J. Smith directs a well equipped general dispensary and holds daily clinics for women. The medical attendances at hospital and dispensary together, for the year ending May 1, 1894, numbered more than three thousand, besides several hundred visits to the homes of patients. A class of young men are studying medicine with Dr. Wishard and a limited number of Persian physicians are invited to witness operations.

FLASH LIGHTS ON A YOUNG MISSIONARY'S FIRST YEAR OUT.

From Home Letters. By kind permission of the writer's father.

ON THE JOURNEY. NOVEMBER, 1893.

ERIVAN is on a plain, and when we woke up yesterday morning we saw the wonderful mountains, Great and Little Ararat, looming up out of the vast plain which surrounds it. All yesterday and much of to-day we were in sight of this wonderful, snow-covered mountain. The plain which we had to cross seemed endless. Finally, we would drive around a projecting foothill and start off across another plain. That has been most of the history of these two days. Our driver would not go on after sunset last night, so we stopped at a little mud posthouse, ordered a *samovar*, feasted on tea, bread and sardines and slept like tops on the wooden settles. I had four thicknesses of a shawl to lie on and a whole shawl and my jacket for a pillow. Whenever we woke in the night we lighted matches to see if it was time to get up. Twice the door was opened (it had no lock), but new travelers seeing that the settles were filled left us in peace. Suddenly I heard a great shouting at the window. It turned out that our driver had come to say he would go on now if we wanted. As it was only two o'clock, we didn't "want," and he was sent back. . .

The Arras River is the boundary line between Russia and Persia, and the next scene is laid on the wooden pier of an island in the midst of the Arras. It is dark, the stars are coming out one by one, a few faint lights twinkle in the small villages on either side of the river. The young missionary and his wife are seated on their belongings on the pier, while the Nestorian has crossed over to Persian Julfa to get men to carry the baggage. After

TEHERAN HOSPITAL.

half an hour they come and a wild haggling begins. They refuse to carry the things for the price fixed upon and charge exorbitantly. Ishoo sticks to the bargain. They refuse. He says, "I'll do it myself," and takes off his shoes and stockings. They all leave, but he seizes the heaviest load and strides off with it on his back. We follow with some of the smaller things in our hands. The haggling crowd go too, making fun of Ishoo, and coming down, little by little, in their demands. Ishoo strides on, wades through the second arm of the river, deposits his load and comes back for me. Mr. Labaree declares that I looked very funny as I went across on Ishoo's back with my feet sticking out straight behind me, for fear of getting wet, but I know it was too dark for him to see whether it was funny or not. . . .

(At the preacher's house in Khoi). The table-cloth was spread on the floor and I sat down in true Turkish style, but I was afraid that permanent paralysis would set in before the meal was over. The host pulled off the leg of a chicken and put it on my plate. I have become expert in putting my spoon into any dish on the table to help myself, in using my fingers, and in rolling up dainty morsels in the thin paper-like bread. These things are all a matter of habit and the sooner I know how the better. The chief trouble is the feeling in my knees when a meal lasts too long, but that, too, shall be conquered. Turkish Sunday-school was held here at the house and Turkish service, both of which we attended. We have been kindly entertained and the preacher and his wife are good, earnest people.

(Between Khoi and Salmas). We had very good roads, for Persia, that day and drove seven hours, resting one. As we reached the top of a high pass, we saw a man standing by a horse, evidently waiting for us. He had been sent with a note of welcome from Mr. Mechlin and a bag of delicious lunch from Mrs. Mechlin, also a bottle of fresh spring water. Only those who have traveled in a similar way can realize what this meant to us. . . .

Our journey took forty-seven days from New York. Very good time.

IN THE NEW HOME. NOVEMBER—JANUARY.

The houses are all built of mud, bricks of dried mud plastered over with a mixture of mud and straw. I cannot say that it presents a strikingly handsome appearance

as you approach, but it looks all right. The lower floor is used for store-rooms for wood, flour, horse feed, etc. The living rooms are whitened, except when blackened by time and the effects of leaky roofs. The floors are of mud, and it is astonishing when some one has spilled water to step into a mud-puddle in your own house. The floors are covered with a very coarse matting of reeds which is woven to fit each room, and this in turn is covered with rugs.

It was so exciting to open the boxes and see what things suffered by the way. The kitchen stove is pretty badly broken. The big dripping pan looks very pitiful, with several holes punched through the bottom, and I mourn over some canned cranberries that wasted, as you know we cannot get them in this country. The tea was put into glass jars, and I have preserved one very interesting bowlful of a mixture composed of tea, glass and straw. My only washbowl and pitcher came in sections, like a train on the New York Central, but I find that is a common circumstance here. Most of the things came nicely. The sewing machine is in splendid condition. My piano has not come yet, and I am afraid will not till summer. All the books were taken out of our boxes and stamped on the covers or inside with the Turkish stamp. Imagine what an ornament it is to the backs of some of our handsome new books! It is a pleasure to know that the great and glorious Turkish Government approves of the various Bibles and religious books that they allowed to come through, even if they did help themselves to Milton and a couple of atlases. They put the books back in any way that happened to be handy, bending flexible ones, so as to crowd them into small places, and driving nails through the backs of some of the nicest.

Next week the delegates start for Annual Meeting at Tabriz, and I am heartily glad that we do not have to take up the wanderer's staff again. Our little home grows more homelike every day, and I do not feel in any hurry to leave it.

It distresses me to have a servant along whenever my husband cannot go out with me, and to be obliged to wear a veil when I drive through the city. It is not much like the independence of an American girl, is it? Yesterday the Moslem Governor of the Christians in Oroomiah came, and I was banished to the "harem," as the ladies here do not receive Moslem gentlemen when they call. He was so much interested in the type-writer and the pictures which were shown him that he stayed at least an hour, and poor I almost froze in the other room where the fire had gone out.

Monday we began having prayers in the morning in Syriac, so our servants can come in, and I read my verse when my turn comes, though it takes me about as much time as it does for the rest to read three.

Our work is of all sorts. The other evening there came a knock at the door and in walked Miss ——— seeking advice. She had on a Newmarket coat, which had done service for eight years and was considerably the worse for wear. What could be done with it? I take the *Delineator*, so we studied that up, and the result was that, before we went to bed, quite a stylish looking cape was almost finished. I think we who have to contrive about such things, have a good deal more pleasure in them than those who can buy them ready-made.

THE HEART OF MISSIONARY LIFE. MAY, 1894.

I am going off all day to-morrow to a woman's meeting. In the spring and in August our Christian women get together for such meetings. The ladies of the mission prepare a Bible Reading and send out subjects for the women to write essays on and then there is discussion of the essays. I am just beginning to realize how big a field Oroomiah Station has. There are five presbyteries, divided according to the rivers on which they lie, and the ladies distribute themselves among the different presbyterial meetings. Mrs. Shedd has been helping me get ready a very short speech and translate it into Syriac. I am very much afraid that I may get stuck but I will tell you about that after the trip.

. . . At a few minutes past eight this morning we started out on our expedition. I drove Mrs. Cochran and the baby organ was in front of us, Miss G— on her horse, and the hostler to attend us. The road was exceptionally good,—only two or three brooks to go through and a few ditches to cross. In about an hour and a quarter we reached Balow, a little village, and unloaded ourselves and our possessions at the house of the Nestorian pastor. We went right over to the church and women arrived from other villages about the same time. It took some time for all to gather, and when we began there were only seven-

teen there, besides children who had been attracted by the organ which I played a ltttle while women were coming in. I think an organ has never been taken there before and it pleased them very much. You can have no idea how ignorant those village women are. In the afternoon, in a company of thirty there were only six who could read. I read the little speech I had prepared and also verses in the Bible Reading. In the morning, a woman read a paper on the promises of God. Then the subject was discussed by all who wanted to take part, and the next subject was taken up, the duty of those in the Church to those outside. A Bible Reading in the afternoon was on missionary work. At noon the women scattered to different parts of the village and the people brought us a good native dinner. Afternoon session opened with a good many women and numberless infants and noisy children.

There was but one chair in the church, which I had to occupy at the organ. The platform and seat on it are built of mud, just like the rest of the church, and a reed mat is spread over platform, seat and all. The floor of the church is covered with mats except a place near the door where all leave their shoes. The window panes are oiled paper and the sparrows made things lively up among the rafters, while a pious black hen came in every now and then to see how the meeting was getting on. We started for home about half past three, while all the village turned out at the church door to see us go, and women and pastor thanked us heartily for coming.

I long so for the time when I shall know the language and can go out more in this way. It makes you love the people to go and be among them, and their sad and low condition makes you feel as if it were the greatest privilege in the world to be able to help them even a little.

Mary Schauffler Labaree.

SKETCHES IN KURDISTAN.

THESE impressions of a traveler recorded in an hour of enforced leisure may, I hope, illustrate some phases of missionary work in these wild and wonderful mountains.

EARLY MORNING.

The traveler opens his eyes after a night's sleep which all the luxuries of civilization could not have made more refreshing, just as all the art of Paris could not have furnished a chamber so beautifully decorated. When he closed his eyes at night the mountains around lay in dark masses, a little darker than the vault above that was studded with glittering stars—more beautiful than when seen in the denser atmosphere of the home-land, but still the same and so bringing to mind the Heavenly Father's nearness to us all. When he awoke for a few moments in the still watches, the mountains were transfigured in the soft robe of moonlight, with here and there a sable trimming where a great rock cast its dark shadow. Now, at early dawn, the stars are one by one losing in the growing light, the moon hangs in mid-sky looking fantastically like a great slice of luscious melon ready to melt in the mouth of some celestial giant. Soon the great peak to the west is tipped with light while eastward the serrated ridges stand in startling clearness against the reddening sky, and the Baz Valley east and west is awaking with the gentle glow of morning. On the roofs about him which rise each above the other like monster stairs up the steep slopes of the valley, the traveler sees queer heaps of quilts and carpets from which, one by one, men emerge, roused perhaps by their impatient wives who were up long ago. In the streets, the women bring full jars, or skins, from the stream of clear snow water, while the men seek a good corner for gossip and a smoke. On the face of the mountain across the valley, tiny objects slowly move down the thread-like paths. Who can be up at this early hour? A procession, coming out from the walnut trees in the valley below, reveals the mystery. It is the women who started by moonlight, hours ago, bringing in their great loads of grass to be stacked for the sheep during the winter months. Even these great loads and the steep and stony paths have not interrupted the spinning of the women.

A hurried toilet completed on the brink of a rushing mountain stream prepares the traveler for the day. At breakfast with the men who are his only companions, he

finds an opportunity to remark on "woman's sphere," which in the direction of hard labor is far larger here than in more Christian lands.

NARWA.

Narwa is a name unfamiliar and unimportant, but it is a type, a specimen, and may be studied for a moment as a specimen.

It is a Kurdish valley, independent of direct government control and containing a few score families of Nestorians and a still smaller number of Jews. The little company that hasten through this valley, fearing to tarry lest they be robbed, pass under the picturesque castle clinging to the summit of a jagged peak hundreds of feet above the valley below. Once a strong fortress, it was laid in ruins by Turkish cannon brought against a rebellious Pasha who took refuge here several generations ago. Under a grove of walnut trees we find a place for the noonday rest. Near by is an old church, large and well built, belonging to a better age. It is unfurnished and bare, no one daring to leave a book or altar cloth from fear of the Kurds, and the priest comes but once a year on the saint's day to celebrate the Eucharist. Two "houses," or families, still remain to keep the church and a cave high up in the cliff is their refuge in time of attack. The noonday meal is brought by these people, who, though sunk low, are still hospitable. The missionary is the center of the group, a strange enigma to the rest; his clothes, his saddle, his spectacles, are puzzles and he himself has come from an unknown land for some weird purpose. The Kurds are there, religious in their way, for the mollah who is along stops now and repeats his Arabic prayer with studied genuflection and intonation. Another Kurd loiters a while and evidently gives the word, for, an hour later, he and a few friends stop our company on the road, armed with clubs and ready to rob. But, while still lunching, the Nestorians relate how the Kurds have plundered them of land and goods, and a young man tells that he is the oldest of a family orphaned by their murderous band. Religious questionings addressed to the group provoke merriment, for what strange creature is this who asks an ignorant layman about God and Christ? Finally, one boy is led to repeat the prayer he daily says in ancient Syriac, not knowing what it is. It begins "Peace on earth, good-will to men" and ends with a doxology. Another impatiently says "*I* pray, I fast and I take the communion, what more is there to do?" They listen curiously while the story of the Crucifixion is read and a simple prayer offered in their spoken tongue—the tongue of lies and cursing, but not of prayer.

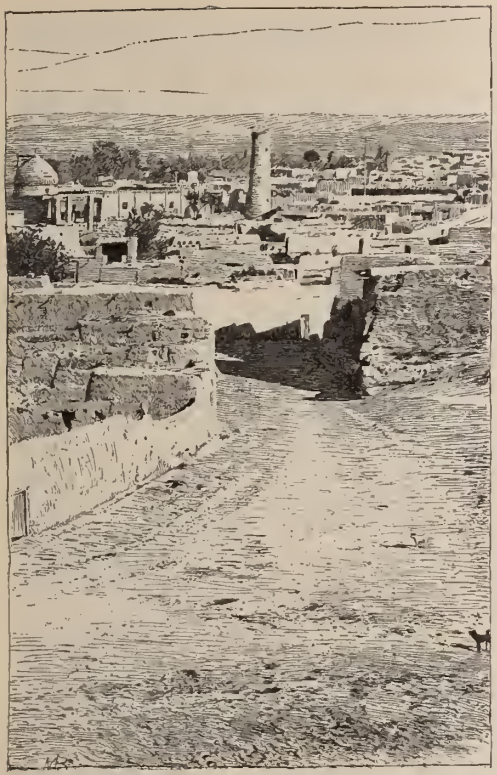
This is a specimen. Such hamlets are found among the Kurds all over this region, and are alike ignorant and hopeless. The people are in the hands of cruel enemies, and are themselves vicious and degraded. They are difficult of access, for they are scattered. They retain only a shred of the Faith, but they hold that with a tenacity that is wonderful. Their brethren in those rugged valleys which are held by the Nestorians and densely populated by them, too often may but will not hear the Gospel; *these* cannot if they will. Narwa is a type, and as we think of the class, let us remember the words, "A bruised reed will he not break and the smoking flax will he not quench." These are dying embers of faith, who will rekindle the flame?

William A. Shedd.

UNCULTIVATED FIELDS IN PERSIA.

WHEN these views of the city of Miana reached me with request to tell "all about this place and its relations to our missionary work," I thought—'we have no work in this place, it is a purely Mohammedan city. We could have neither evangelist nor school here. The Government would not permit it.' Afterwards I thought:—This may represent the unoccupied fields of Persia, deprived of the Gospel and the knowledge of the Saviour.

Miana is a district capital of 10,000 inhabitants situated near the junction of three considerable streams, which, with their numerous tributaries, are lined thickly with villages. It is one of three relay stations of the Indo-European telegraph line between Tabriz and Teheran, a post office, and main caravan station on the King's highway. It fairly represents the old towns of Persia, with small yards separated from each other and from the crooked streets by high walls; houses mostly one-story high, built of layers of mud, having pretentious windows covered with oil paper; the roofs piled up with dried manure fuel, and with



ENTRANCE TO MIANA.

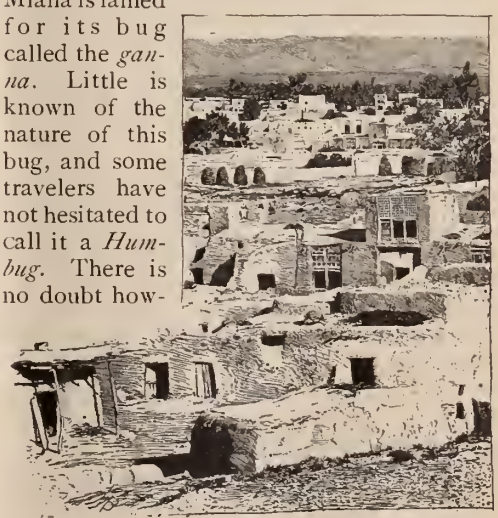
the threshing floors at the entrance of the main streets—overgrown villages.

As far as sowing the Gospel seed is concerned, the greater part of Persia is an uncultivated field. The reason is evident everywhere. That Miana mosque in the midst of hovels speaks of the strength of Islam. It has a large green-glazed tile dome and a tall minaret from which the call to prayer is sounded, "God is great." This mosque is a shrine hallowed by the dust of the son of an Emaum.* Their shrines are legion. As with pieces of the true cross and bones of the saints in other lands, the gain of the priests is the evident reason for their multiplication. When a caravan comes within sight of the sacred dome, it stops, and each one places a stone of witness, so that a pile has accumulated. This mosque is famed for giving sight to the blind.

Once when I was spending Sunday in Miana, the city was discussing the prediction of their mollah, about the end of the world. It was a time when the comets were visible in great brilliancy in our Eastern sky. Much superstition was awakened by their appearance. The Turkish and Persian papers were telling of a prophecy of the destruction of the world uttered by an Italian priest and fixing the day for the event. No little sensation was created. The mollah at Miana announced that the town would be destroyed by an earthquake at the end of Ramazan.* He doubtless remembered one which but a few years before shook that neighborhood and totally engulfed some villages.

Connected with the mosque, the mollah has his school. Education, such as it is, is in the hands of the mollahs. The first text-book is the Koran from which the pupils learn to read the Arabic characters. Then they learn to read and write Persian. Advanced scholars, who are few, will learn to understand the Koran. The child squatting on his mat or cushion, at the feet of the mollah, with a loud hubbub begins his *Alif-bay*. His book commences with "In the name of God the merciful, the compassionate" and ends with a "Praise God." When the boy becomes a man his supreme controlling passion is his religion—not for godliness but for externals. It is his politics, his law, his philosophy, his patriotism. He will obey his Mujteheed (chief priest) rather than the Shah, fight for his faith more fiercely than for the State. His battle cry is not "The lion and the sun," but "*Ya Ali*," "*Ya Hussain;*" his blood is shed not for "Iran," but for the "Emaum."

But more than for mosque or mollah, Miana is famed for its bug called the *ganna*. Little is known of the nature of this bug, and some travelers have not hesitated to call it a *Humbug*. There is no doubt how-



MIANA HOUSES.

* Also spelled *Imam*.

* The great Moslem fast of forty days.

ever of its reality. It abounds in the district. Its bite is very poisonous, producing large hives and bringing on a fever which is sometimes fatal. The *ganna* does not bite the inhabitants of Miana but only strangers. It furnishes an analogy for a thought on the treatment of foreigners by the Shiah Mohammedans of Persia. More than all other Mohammedans they abhor Christians. The Persian is most polite and gentle by nature, but his dogma is, that followers of all other religions are unclean ceremonially and that contact with them, partaking of their food, allowing them to touch his dishes or come into his house with damp clothes, is pollution. A Christian must not touch vegetables or meat in the bazar, he must not touch or buy the Koran. It is pollution. Custom has greatly modified this law, yet the feeling exists strongly and not infrequently manifests itself. What kind of a reception would such strict Mohammedans give to the open Christian Evangelist?

The Government knowing the fanatical spirit of the people, having a measure, though in a smaller degree, of the same spirit, knowing also the power, teachings and bigotry of the mollahs and their readiness to oppose the civil authority, not only prohibits missionary work among Mohammedans but is ready to execute the death penalty against the Christian convert, as in the case of the Martyr, Mirza Ibrahim. These conditions make the Persian field largely an uncultivated one. What can be done? Force the issue, expulsion or liberty? Solicit diplomatic pressure? One thing is possible: We can move "the Arm that moves the world." There is One who controls the heart of the Shah and his counsellors. Let every Monthly Concert, Christian Endeavor Society, Presbyterial or Synodical Meeting, and all who love the Kingdom pray during the month of October that religious liberty may be speedily established in Persia.

S. G. Wilson.

IN OROOMIAH HOSPITAL.

The main building, now used entirely for male patients, was built in 1880; the Howard Annex, for women, in 1890. The patients are Persian Moslems, Jews, Nestorians, Armenians and Kurds. They come from immediately about us, from the north as far as Ararat, from the south about old Nineveh, and from intervening territory. A very few are from the wealthy class, and after leaving the hospital occasionally remember it with gifts; many are able to pay their way wholly or in part; but by far the majority are very poor and can pay little or nothing, and even must be furnished with clothing or animals to ride upon as they set out for their homes.

All kinds of cases come, since this is the only hospital short of Teheran, the capital. About 300 patients are yearly treated in the wards, a large number are seen at the dispensary, many noblemen are treated in their homes; in all from 4,000 to 8,000 are treated by the medical department annually.

Twelve young men are now graduates from the medical classes, of whom five graduated this summer (1894). Besides their studies the students assist in the drug room, in operations and in dressing wounds.

Dr. Cochran is still at the head of the medical department. He is assisted by Dr. Emma Miller, who is house physician in the Howard Annex and superintends the nursing there. She is training a young woman, a Fiske Seminary graduate, as nurse. Mother Cochran is greatly missed in the hospital work, there is no one to take her place; she devoted almost her whole time and thought to it. Her constant presence cheered and helped the patients, and kept everything in and out of the buildings in beautiful order and neatness.

The hospital is usually closed during a part of the summer. That is the busy season; people are in their fields and vineyards, and if possible leave their ailments for attention at a more convenient season.

One patient, a Mussulman, had been shot in the arm. His father and mother and wife and half a dozen or more brothers and their wives and children danced attendance upon him, until, when one day he and his wife ran away, I am afraid none of us were very sorry. A woman came who had to have her leg amputated. It is considered a dreadful thing in this country. The poor woman mourned so I was afraid she would not recover. She had at least reason to be thankful that she had so kind a husband, for most men here would let their wives die rather than try to save them thus disfigured. Three patients were here

OROOMIAH PATIENTS.

from Van: a Turk, an Armenian and a Nestorian. The latter had both eyes operated upon for cataract, and went away seeing, a most delighted man. The cataract cases who receive help seem the most thankful of any patients who come.

Last fall we had two Nestorian women from Suldooz, a district about two days south of us, the darkest women I have seen for a long time. They could not speak a word of their own language, only Turkish, as they had been brought up among Mohammedans. They did not know who Christ was. They said: "God made us and put us each in his place, so that he could look at us and be amused by us." They were here a few days only, and it was hard to know how to choose the most important things to teach them.

We occasionally have patients of high rank who require different treatment from others. Last summer (1893), just after we had cleaned our rooms, had all the quilts and carpets washed, curtains down and everything put away for the vacation, there suddenly appeared at our gates one afternoon a Kurdish lady, with her mother, child, several maids and six men-servants. She had been in the hospital for a time several years before, and, being ill again, had now come a journey of three days for treatment. It was not exactly convenient but we could not well refuse, so two rooms were quickly made ready for them and bread and fruit brought for them until our evening meal could be prepared. She was one of three wives, and told me her life was a sad one because her sons had died and she had only daughters, so did not have the favor of her husband and was ill treated by the other wives.

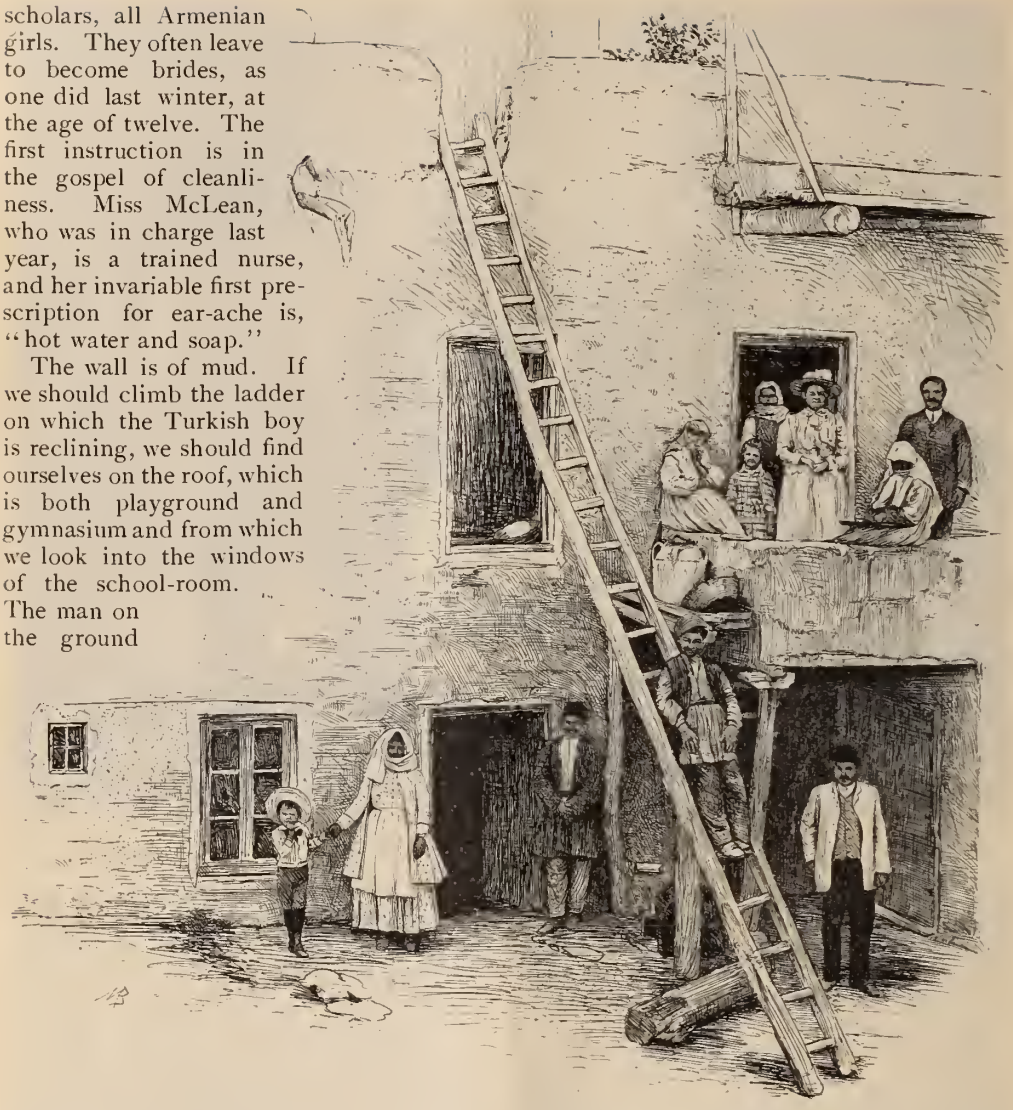
(*Mrs. J. P.*) *Katharine H. Cochran.*

GIRLS' SCHOOL AT HAFT DEWAN, SALMAS STATION.

THE cut illustrates the courtyard. Readers who have this magazine on file, for 1892, may find just how the other side of the court looks, by turning to page 268. The school has been in operation seven years and is full, with twenty boarding and forty day-

scholars, all Armenian girls. They often leave to become brides, as one did last winter, at the age of twelve. The first instruction is in the gospel of cleanliness. Miss McLean, who was in charge last year, is a trained nurse, and her invariable first prescription for ear-ache is, "hot water and soap."

The wall is of mud. If we should climb the ladder on which the Turkish boy is reclining, we should find ourselves on the roof, which is both playground and gymnasium and from which we look into the windows of the school-room. The man on the ground



by the door is janitor and the other, in white coat, is teacher of the Armenian language. The earthen jar on the little shelf by the landing is full of wheat which some of the women have come to clean. The whole cost of maintaining this school last year in addition to the missionary's salary was $440.

BLOOD FEUDS STILL IN VOGUE IN PERSIA.

We had heard the Hassan Begler people were "a set of bears," and for a time it seemed doubtful if they would let us lodge there. Finally a young Khan appeared, nephew of the owner of the village. He knew who Dr. Bradford is and said we might sleep in his porch. So we camped down by an open fireplace in which was a wood fire, and how the people did stare at us! Our host called out loudly to his uncle, who, it it seems, was averse to receiving us, "They're good Mussulmans; they're better Mussulmans than you are." I was tired and went to sleep, while Doctor labored with the women, whom she found quite disagreeable. On waking I had rather better success with the men, some of whom had been to Tabriz and had some knowledge of the world. They wished to hear about Jesus. The man of the house said, "I have been to your church in Tabriz; I wish to know more of these things."

When night came we found we were expected to share the porch with him and his family, and could not, as usual, have our own men sleep near us for protection. We put up our curtains and obtained a little privacy. I was awake much during the night and, on the other side of the curtain, the Khan always seemed to be awake too. Next day I asked Mousa the reason and he told me this man never dares sleep at night, having a blood feud on his hands and fearing the avenger, an institution still existing in the Black Mountains, as in Scripture times.

Grettie Holliday.

I. TENTING IN KURDISTAN.

Dr. and Mrs. Shedd and myself are tenting at Mawana, a Nestorian village five hours northwest from Oroomiah, on the plain of Tergawer District, surrounded by high mountains and in the midst of great spiritual darkness. Constant trouble with Kurds has for many years made it unsafe for ladies to visit these mountains, but this year it is more quiet. Government has furnished the two largest villages with rifles for self-defense and the Kurds are intimidated.

We are, however, constantly reminded of danger. Every two or three days we hear of war between different tribes of Kurds only a few hours distant, or a messenger brings word that the Kurds have carried off all the sheep of some village. Only a few days since I had gathered the women in the large tent for a meeting, and was just beginning to read, when three Kurds came along in front of the tent. They had just been up in the mountain where the women were milking the sheep, and had demanded milk and butter, enforcing their demands with drawn daggers. It was not strange that when they appeared in the village afterward, the men should be angry with them, and, after some words, one of the Kurds drew his dagger and rushed towards a villager, who picked up a stone to defend himself. For a moment my heart almost stopped beating, for I thought they would kill each other before my eyes; but our preacher was standing near, and he stepped between and made peace and the Kurds retired. I found it somewhat difficult to go on with the meeting; not that the women were frightened, they are too much accustomed to such scenes, but my own thoughts were much disturbed.

We were two weeks in the village of Baloolan. Dr. Emma Miller is with us this week, and is constantly finding those whom she has treated in the hospital at Oroomiah.

In Baloolan we found two women who had been several years in the Seminary, one with Miss Fiske and one with Miss Dean. They had strayed sadly from their early teaching but seemed glad to meet us. It brought to mind memories and instructions of days gone by, and they both promised to lead different lives and gave their names to the preacher there as willing to unite with the Church. One of them reads well, and so can be helped in her Christian life. The eyesight of the other is failing and her mind is so dull that she understands little that she hears, and yet she is much more intelligent than her neighbors who have never read, and there is a neatness about her clothing that makes her different. This encourages us to feel that however far our girls may stray away, they cannot wholly lose the impress of their training.

While in Baloolan there was service in the large tent every evening attended by from twenty to forty, mostly men, and a women's meeting nearly every afternoon. Dr. Shedd has also had special meetings with helpers in these villages, to inspire them with more courage and activity and spirituality in their work. Two Bible women and a young student with us, have been scattered among different villages, but just at present all of us are concentrating our efforts here on the village of Mawana, which contains about one hundred and fifty houses. People are constantly coming to the tents, many of them to see Dr. Miller. Company came to-day for morning prayers, after which Mrs. Shedd had a Bible lesson with a class of young men who can read. One of our college teachers, with his family, is also spending a few weeks with friends in this village, and they, too, are working for Christ. There are only two evangelical church members here.

Every forenoon the women are baking bread and attending to household matters, but in the afternoon they are at leisure and that is our opportunity. We have found an old pupil of Miss Rice's who does not attend church. We believe God's Spirit will reach her and others in whom we are interested.

II. WOMAN'S WORK IN THE CITY OF OROOMIAH.

We have continued sending monthly Bible Readings, in the form of printed leaflets, to all the villages.

This summer we began a series of meetings for the deaconesses and other Christian workers, hoping that by stirring them up to more love and zeal they would do better work for others. They were held in the city, at Gulpashan, at Degalla where there are nine deaconesses, and the workers of Geogtapa, our largest church, came to Mrs. Shedd's house.

Because of increased enmity of Mohammedans towards Christians, Bible women could not go from place to place with the safety of other years. Laya was four months in a large village where work was just opening and women very ignorant. Her labors were blessed, but the Bishop came and raised a breeze of opposition and we sent her to another needy village.

Last fall we opened a school for Jewesses and from eighteen to twenty-five attended. They were taught to knit stockings which, in the minds of parents, was the chief attraction, for it furnished them a trade by which to earn a little money. But at the same time, every child was learning to read, was daily instructed in the Bible and committing to memory psalms and other portions of Scripture. Parents were delighted with the progress their daughters were making, and mothers often came themselves to listen. Three of the older girls one day whispered to their teacher, "We are with you," meaning they were willing to accept Christianity.

But after two months Government officers arrested and imprisoned the man from whom we were renting our room. Opposing Jews had complained of him. Our teacher still gives private lessons to ten girls in their own homes and is much freer to talk with them of Christ than she would be in school. We are expecting an outpouring of God's spirit, when many will be converted who now seem convinced of the Messiahship of Jesus.

July 25. *Mary K. Van Duzee.*

ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS FOR NESTORIAN GIRLS.

It costs $25 to support one of these village schools one year.—Editor.

Last Friday I made an attempt to visit one of the sixteen village schools for girls which are under my care, but concluded to return and have my horse exercised. Saturday morning I started again and went to a village two hours out on the Plain. It was the day for the *kashas* (preachers) on that river to meet, and I had the pleasure of attending that meeting as well as seeing to the school business. I had a very pleasant time, as I always do in the villages. Let me tell you about the place where we were.

The deacon's house consisted of one room, about ten by fifteen feet, half of which was store-room and the other half equally divided, one corner of the mud floor being spread with a reed mat and some small carpets. A pillow was brought for me to sit on, and the *kashas* were ranged around the edge of this square. The *tandoor* (fire hole) was between us and the outside door, but as the dinner was being kept warm for us, this was covered and no warmth came out. The mud of the floor in other parts of the room was quite damp, as this village is low, and the square hole in the roof for ventilation seemed to me altogether out of proportion to the needs of the case; this also furnished us with light. And this is the home where this preacher and his family have lived all winter, he teaching and preaching the gospel message to all who will come to this house to hear him, and his daughter, as sweet and modest as the June roses that bloom in all their beauty from every crevice in the mud walls here, has been teaching twenty-five children of that dark village. The school is new this year and is supported by a band of about ten girls, together with some of the teachers, of Fiske Seminary. Nearly all of them earn the money they give.

To-day I again visited a village two hours and a half away (or more, in this mud), examining the school, having a meeting with the women, and attending to sundry business matters.

To-morrow we have Teachers' Institute here in Oroomiah. I shall try to give, and have pupils in the various grades of our Seminary give, some lessons that will be of

benefit to the teachers. The girls will be wild with excitement, for it will be a great day in their monotonous lives. They, of course, will not speak to the young men and would not think of trying to do so, but just to attend the same gathering will be a great event; besides, our girls are getting a widespread reputation among their people for good singing, and they will sing with their fine organ, that was given two years ago, to accompany them. Only our first class, however, will attend, and they file in from the back door, opposite to the one where the young men enter.

It requires about twice the effort here to do a thing that it does in America, everything is so crude and hard to get into shape and to make move. The English Mission recognize this and they have five ladies in their school for forty-five pupils, while we have two ladies for two hundred. They gain on us by village visiting, and in many cases bribe and otherwise draw away pupils. Our village school system needs a good deal of working up, which will be done slowly, of necessity.

March, 1894. *Harriet L. Medbery.*

SHOWING how the earthquake affected Theological Hall (south side) of the Meiji Gakuin, at Tokyo, Japan. Dr. McCauley's house in the background. The residences of three other professors and Sandham Hall were all injured. It will require $1500–$1800 in gold to fully repair damages.

OPENING OF THE NEW HOSPITAL AT MIRAJ, SOUTH INDIA.

SUCH a gala day as July Fourth, 1894, has never been seen in our Mission. Miraj was *en fête* and all of us who could be there were part and parcel of the festivities. We arrived in the morning and found the grounds in front of the new hospital gay with banners, pennons and an arch of green.

The "Stars and Stripes" and the "Union Jack" floating together greeted our eyes as we drove up from the station. The day was typical American June weather. People were coming and going all day and the air was full of excitement. I noticed Doctor Wanless, busy as he was, stopping to attend to a patient or two who came to the house. With all the gaiety there was an undertone of earnestness as befitted the importance of the occasion. I dare say many a silent prayer was offered for blessings upon this branch of our work and the workers in Miraj.

The event—the opening—took place at 4, P.M. Invitations had been issued to one hundred and fifty Native gentlemen and they had accepted eagerly. There were many Christians present from other stations as well as those from Miraj, school-boys from Sangli, workmen, dependents and other interested persons.

We awaited the arrival of Bala Sahib, the Chief of Miraj, on the porch. As he came up, the eldest missionary child stepped forward and offering him a silvered key asked him to open the door. This he did and entered the hall with Doctor Wanless,

who conducted him to a draped tablet set in the wall. Bala Sahib unveiled it and read the inscription:

Presbyterian Mission Hospital erected and conducted by the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.

The entire fund for the erection of this Hospital and the adjoining Outdoor Dispensary and Physicians' Residence was the munificent gift of John H. Converse, Esq., of Philadelphia.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto Me."

Opened July 4th, 1894.

We followed our leaders and ascended the stairs to one of the larger wards, which was beautifully decorated with flags. The arrangement was in true Oriental *durbar* style. Bala Sahib and Doctor Wanless were seated on a couch placed on a dais at the head of the room, and we, in places assigned beforehand, on rows of chairs facing each other, leaving a long aisle in the center, the length of the room.

In due time Doctor Wanless, rising, formally presented the Chief with the key and he accepting it declared the hospital open. Mr. Graham was then called upon for an address. He gave a brief history of the Mission and showed the connection between medical work and its main work—that of preaching Christ. He had a fine opportunity to set forth the claims of Christ to an audience of Hindus and Mohammedans, most of them educated, cultured men, and he made good use of it. Over and over again one heard the words "Those who send us here." His speech and that of Doctor Wanless, which followed, were in English and were admirably translated into Marathi by the Rev. Shivaram Masoji, pastor of the Kolhapur Church.

Doctor Wanless gave a short statement about the building. The cost of it with the physician's house, out-door dispensary and attendants' houses was Rs. 42,000. There are six wards, three for men, three of them for women. Water is furnished by an aerometer wind-mill to sixteen places in the building. The floors are of concrete and so sloped that when they are flushed the water makes its own exit.

Doctor Wanless spoke, as others did, of Mr. Converse's generosity. It was in fact one of Mr. Converse's field-days—albeit he was not present.

Next came the speech of Mr. Chitre, ex-minister of Miraj State. He and Doctor Wanless have been mutually helpful to each other; the one with medical skill and gospel invitations, the other with the thousand attentions that are in the power of a state official. He spoke gratefully of Doctor Wanless and (considering his audience), courageously, of his admiration for the character of Christ. Mr. Goheen offered the closing prayer, and then came the *finale* of a *durbar* and every ceremonial visit in this State, *pan supari*, rose-water, and garlands. This over, visitors passed from ward to ward and to the veranda to see what they might of the new hospital and then quietly dispersed.

Anna M. Goheen.

WHEN shall we see a hospital opened also at Ambala, North India, where we have an admirably managed medical work?—EDITOR.

A MESSAGE FROM KOREA.

A voice came sounding over the sea,
Over the sea from the East,
The billows and breezes bore it to me,
Bore it over the shining sea,—
I held my breath till it ceased.

The message came like a sound of woe
To me, as I stood on the sand,
It told me of sorrows I could not know,
Of a bloody war and a cruel foe,
Far away in a heathen land.

And still it floated out on the air,
Over the ocean blue,—
"O Brothers, wrestle with God in prayer,
That we may be strong to do and bear,
That the Father will keep us true."

"Oh, ask, as you're bending before the throne,
Each in his happy place,
That He will remember the good seed sown,
That He'll keep the souls He has made His own
Until they behold His face!"

I sent a message over the deep,
Over the sea from the West,—
The murmuring breezes know how to keep
The tidings they bear, and the wavelets leap
Obedient to my behest.

Across the waters it sounded clear,
Over the ocean blue;—
"This is the message—can you hear?
Faint not, Brothers, the Lord is near,
Yes, we will pray for you!"

Eliza Strang Baird.

Letters from the Front.

SYRIA.

AN ITINERATING PHYSICIAN.

Dr. Mary Eddy wrote from Sidon, July 23:

At the Semi-Annual Meeting of the Mission I presented the report of my journeying, observations and expenditures for the previous six months, and the gentlemen present expressed themselves satisfied that the present arrangement was the best possible and I remain connected with the Beirût station, my work to be divided between Zahleh and Sidon fields. My plan for village work is to keep my tent for private use, so that I can have one spot where I can rest. My instruments, books and medicines are in the house which, in each place, is rented purely for medical work during my stay. I rise early, write and plan the day's work; if any operation is to be done, instruments are sterilized and dressings prepared before breakfast.

A LIVELY PROGRESS THROUGH THE STREET.

After breakfast I send my faithful woman assistant to give out the numbers. I gather up clinic books and prescription papers and soon follow. People are waiting for me *en route* to the temporary dispensary, so I have a constantly increasing train who try to keep as close to me as possible, each one begging for help. When I reach the room I usually find the porch steps and yard packed with people, every tree in the neighborhood with an animal tied to it on which some poor sick person or cripple has been brought. One bright little child usually runs ahead and calls shrilly "She comes, she comes!" Everybody who can rises as I approach. As I bid them good morning, I take a leisurely survey to see if there are any specially urgent cases. Then, if time permits, I hold a little service with them before closing the door between us. My young man assistant is doorkeeper and is the only one from outside who has any access to me, except by the numbered cards, until clinic is done. If any accident cases occur or any patients arrive from distant villages with letters, he reports to me.

I work usually from eight till half past twelve, but after the first few days in a place the hours gradually lengthen, until it is no uncommon thing for me to stand from half-past seven until four in the afternoon, with only time enough at noon for my hurried luncheon. I take plenty of time for each patient as I want to become acquainted with them and their special needs. I can only lament that despite my best efforts I have to send scores of patients away, either because they need treatment in a hospital, or because the short time I am to remain in a place precludes my performing the operation needed. In my closing days in a place, people having heard of my work pour into the village in such numbers that, in self-defense, five days before I leave I send out word that I will see no more patients. I must have these days to finish up with old patients in a satisfactory manner, arranging their medicines, etc.

I have closed three weeks of work in Jedaideh. The summer house there is beautifully situated, and I was fortunate enough to secure an ideal room for medical work. The first week I saw over two hundred patients, mostly from surrounding villages. Then the forcible closing of the girls' school, by the local governor, kept me at home for a few days, but the last days were among the busiest of my life. Yesterday I rose at half-past three A.M., at four began packing, saw patients from six till ten, good-by calls and packing interspersed, final loading of animals, and, at twenty minutes to twelve I rode off with my brother and a man-servant.

A MISSIONARY HORSE.

It is over nine hours' ride here to Sidon, but on my beautiful new horse, Mesoud, the gift of a Friend of Missions, I came in five hours and a quarter, excluding stops. I had the company of my brother an hour and a quarter, for he wanted to shorten my way by bringing me through the ford of the Litany. When we reached the edge of the wide, dark green, sullen-looking river my brother dismounted and asked me to ride over on the steady mare Fereedie, who had many times made the passage safely. My own horse is barely four years old, very restive after two weeks in the stable, and had never forded a stream, so I gladly made the exchange; but the wide Arab saddle, the immense stirrups and the novel position made me feel very insecure. I thought how poor David felt in Saul's armor. I determined to risk my own horse's first venture across. For the first few steps I gazed fixedly at the friendly nodding oleander bushes across

on the other side. The water became deeper and deeper. It seemed to me (as the ford runs somewhat diagonally down the stream) that my brother was plunging ahead at a furious rate. I begged him to go slower, but he sang out "All right, come on." Half way over the full force of the current struck Mesoud, but he held up splendidly, lifting his feet high and planting them securely among the smooth, large stones of the river bed. I was thankful when it was over, but more thankful that I was not liable in the future to become dizzy, and that my horse could now, having forded the deepest, swiftest river in Syria, be trusted in the future to carry me safely over the swollen torrents in winter traveling.

PLANS FOR THE AUTUMN.

I return to Beirût to-morrow to renew my stock of medicines and lay in provision for my next tours. I then remain in our mountain home for two or three weeks studying Turkish, from there *via* the Abeih station of Deir el Komr and Mukhtara to Jezzeen. Here the missionary work has been almost brought to a standstill by the intense opposition of a monk who inflamed the populace to insult the teachers, tear down the church bell and throw it into a waterfall near the town. From Jezzeen I go from the Sidon field, fully three or more days, *via* Ain Zehalteh (Abeih field) to Zahleh, then Baalbek, then Ras Baalbek, on to a town on the very edge of the desert. Then I shall return home and recruit for a week, load up supplies and leave for the southern part of the Sidon field, remaining till it is time to leave with my brother for Aleppo.

CHINA.

EFFECTS OF THE PLAGUE ON MISSION WORK.

MISS NOYES wrote from CANTON July 12:

When I returned to China last year it seemed that the Mission was prospering on every hand and opportunities for extending our borders seemed boundless. Schools all had a larger attendance than ever and there seemed an unusual readiness to listen to the Gospel message. Now all is changed. The dreadful pestilence which has swept over the city, desolating the homes, driving the people away to the country, bringing in its train poverty and misery, seems to have turned people away from the light. It has been most painful to see and hear their futile appeals to their helpless gods. Mission work in all directions has been much interrupted, and it may be a long time before the feelings of hostility and opposition which have been excited pass away.

The authorities in Hong Kong, when they first realized that the plague was in their midst, considered it necessary to take very extreme measures, which were in some respects exceedingly objectionable to the Chinese, and which I think every one now concedes to have been unwise. More than half of the Chinese population, which is estimated at 200,000, left Hong Kong and either came to Canton or scattered through the country to the villages, often carrying the germs of disease with them and spreading everywhere the wildest rumors with regard to the treatment of the Chinese by the foreigners. The result is what might have been anticipated.

The heathen Chinese usually class native Christians with the foreigners as in league against them. In several places the chapels were attacked and wholly or in part torn down. At one of our chapels the teacher of a boys' school was killed and his lifeless body thrown into the river.

THE PASTOR'S DAUGHTER WHO PRAYED ALL NIGHT.

At another place the chapel was attacked toward evening. The Chinese preacher and his wife secreted themselves in a grove of bamboo, but their young daughter, seventeen years of age, who is one of our dearest and most promising scholars, fell into the hands of the mob. Some of them proposed to throw her at once into the well, but others said wait until the next morning and then kill her. The latter counsel prevailed and she was thrust into a dark room and the door locked, while a man went through the town beating a gong and announcing that the next morning she would be killed. Alone in the darkness, she spent the night in prayer for deliverance, and the Lord heard and answered her prayer, as he did Peter's so long ago. He did not send an angel, but he sent his servants to rescue her. About four o'clock in the morning she heard some one at the door and supposed the men were coming as they said to kill her, but instead recognized friendly voices and found that some of the Christians had come to free her. Under cover of darkness they took her to the boat which was about to leave for Canton, and there she found her father and mother. They had lost everything, even her shoes were gone.

We felt that she was indeed a brave little Christian. When those who have been persecuted for righteousness' sake receive their final reward from the great Judge, there will be no one to scoff and sneer at the insincerity of Chinese Christians. I never expect to see brighter examples of Christian faith and hope and trust in any land than I have seen in China.

We hope to re-open school the last of August if all is well.

THE PLAGUE IN CANTON SEMINARY.

MISS BUTLER also wrote from CANTON June 19:

It was in March that we first heard rumors of some disease in Canton that was causing a great many deaths. On the evening of the 30th of the month one of the teachers in the Seminary came hurriedly to us and said, "Come quickly, little A' Sum seems to be dying." Who is little A' Sum? The only

child of a young widow in the training school, and pet and darling of the whole school.

We found her very ill and the women standing about her weeping. We carried her into our study, the mother and teachers following, and sent for the doctor. How we all worked to save the little creature's life ! But we could not. In a few hours she was with Jesus.

Near the end spots came out all over her body. We could see new ones suddenly appearing as we worked. The glands were very much enlarged, her eyes had a fixed and glassy appearance and her fever ran high. The doctor said, "This seems like typhus fever ; it is very contagious. The child must be put into her coffin to-night and removed from the house, and the room and all who have been around her must be disinfected." This was done, and late at night, sad and weary, we sat down to rest. The next day we went with the mother to the cemetery and saw the dear child laid to rest.

Little A' Sum had many winning ways and wise little sayings. She came to us a mere baby and we all loved her so, and yet she did not become spoiled. At morning prayers she would stand up on the seat, holding the large singing-book before her and her little voice would ring out above the others, often causing the scholars to turn and smile.

It was not until days after that we knew what had snatched her from us. It was nothing less than the Bubonic, or Black Plague. It was raging in the city, though we did not know it and knew next to nothing of its nature. This little girl had been staying with the Bible Reader at one of my day schools, and there were many cases of the plague in that locality.

A PLAGUE SIGNAL.

More than a dozen dead rats had been swept out of the schoolhouse. This disease attacks domestic animals first, therefore the finding of dead rats is a sign that the disease is in the place.

No one took the plague from the child and our school remained in session. Since that time the disease has swept over the whole city. The death roll must be appalling, but it is impossible to obtain accurate statistics.

ONE WAY THE PLAGUE WAS SPREAD.

One of our dearest girls was called home, one morning, to attend the funeral of her father. We felt that we could not let her go. It seemed like sending her to certain death ; but the eldest brother, who is now in authority, insisted. Five in the family died with it, the father, mother, two brothers and a sister. Our pupil also had it, but recovered and is with us now, sad and bereft. In this family the father died first. His uncoffined body remained in the house all night, while the relatives and friends sat on the ground floor during the whole night. The corpse was kept seven days, until the prescribed mourning was accomplished. Is it any wonder that nearly the whole family followed him to the grave ?

THE PLAGUE STEALING NEARER.

Our day schools closed one after another as the pestilence reached them. The Seminary, however, continued in session until the middle of June. We said if the parents came and desired to take their children home we would allow them to go, but as long as we had no case of plague in school we would not dismiss it. There were one hundred and twenty in the school. Very solemn were the faces, but sweet and trustful, and long and earnest were the prayers that ascended from closets as well as in the daily public prayers, and the Lord showed us plainly *when* it was best to send them home. Gradually "the pestilence that walketh in darkness" drew nearer and nearer. It was in front and in the rear and on the west side of us. Then, in the school building two rats and the cat died.

We then removed all the scholars to the second and third floors ; but lo ! one morning it was here in our very midst. The teacher in the Primary Department came in leading a little girl by the hand who had all the symptoms of the plague. The doctor was sent for and she was examined. Yes, she had it ; not violently, but she had it. We dared not keep the scholars longer, so they gradually dispersed to their homes and we are very thankful that they are away from us now during the present state of excitement. . . .

AFRICA.

FIRST WHITE WOMAN IN THE BULE COUNTRY.

MRS. LAFFIN wrote from the new EFULEN STATION, June 6 :

Our long pleasant walks to the Mabea towns suggested a trip to the Bule, and Dr. Laffin's going as one of the committee to choose a site of the (second) new station afforded opportunity. Thursday, May 17, found us ready to start. Everything had to be carried by men. Food for ten days made about two loads ; my cot bed, one ; small trunk, one ; hammock and blankets, one ; ground sheet and cooking utensils, one ; lunch bag, folding chair, Doctor's gun and other articles made up three or four more loads. In addition to carriers there were our native boy and girl, a teacher and carriers for the Station, making a party of twenty-two.

The first part of our journey lay over the "Tyndall Road," which Dr. Laffin cut to connect the mission with the border of the Mabea country. For the next five miles came Mabea villages. When we came to paths in which were several inches of water I plashed merrily through with my rubber boots and short skirts. We stopped at villages to rest where the women were friendly. In one town a dear little blind girl afforded a text. At one place, two old women came out rather timidly, but with such eager faces that I turned

back and held out my hand. As I spoke, the first one, with just the kindliest old face, put her arms right around me and said *Ye mpampa* (I love you). When one's soul shines out as hers did you forget that people are black, dirty, and lack clothing.

We stopped for the night in a hamlet consisting of half a dozen tiny huts. The chief with his five wives and children were the sole inhabitants. He was kindly disposed, giving us the best hut, measuring 9 x 7 feet, so low that in no place could the Doctor stand upright. It contained two or three old trunks and two native beds, which are nothing but a few fairly straight sticks laid side by side and supported about six inches from the ground; the pillow was another stick laid across one end of the bed. When my cot was up and blankets on the native bed for Dr. Laffin, our loads stored in corners and a mat down for my little black girl, our hut was very full, though swarms of rats seemed to find room to hold an entertainment. When our afternoon meal of bread and butter and oranges, tea and coffee, canned corn and a dish of meat easily prepared from one of the tins, was ready, I was able to do ample justice to it. We cooked in a large open shed. After a little rest we had singing, prayer and talks with the people.

Next day at noon we stopped at our last town, so in a short time we were in real forest. Thunder was heard, indicating a shower, and soon the rain was upon us. In short order loads were close together with the ground sheets over them, forming a sort of tent. After drying by a roaring fire we hurried on to the camping place. Some of the men had gone on and had fine fires burning with the kettle boiling. The little girl and I went down to the stream near and had a delightful bath. The bottom was of fine white sand and the water cold and clear as crystal.

There were three shelters for the night, and the hammock, with rubber sheet over it, hung between two trees. These shelters are built of poles covered with branches and large leaves, making them sometimes quite rain-proof. To make sure, a large rubber sheet was spread over mine, which was just long enough for my cot bed. The front opened to the great friendly fire which lasted all night. I slept splendidly, only waking once to see lovely stars shining down on us who rested in the Father's love and on thousands who had never heard of that love!

Saturday was one long forest walk. All the way from the beach I had been delighted by a flower much like a large primrose, yet suggesting a violet in color and shape; but as we went further into the forest, instead of six or eight inches from the ground, it grew to three feet, so I could pick as many as I liked, without stopping. In crossing a stream Dr. Laffin found a pond lily, as white and fragrant as those at home.

That night I slept so well that in the morning I had but a faint remembrance of hearing rain falling. Continued rain Sunday kept us somewhat within our shelters, but we made the forest ring. Such familiar strains as "Come Thou Fount," "My Faith Looks Up to Thee" reminded me of open air meetings attended in the dear home land. In the talk with our Mabea group, after more general prayers, a touching appeal came from these men. "We have heard a little of this Gospel, we have a few Christians, but we want a missionary to live with us and teach us all the time."

NOT A LAUGHING MATTER.

Monday we found some streams so swollen that it was necessary for four of our biggest men to carry me across on their shoulders. At this I laughed heartily, but when we came to one stream where it was necessary for me to lie like a log on the heads of six men, I did not laugh, but just quietly asked Jesus to help me to lie so still that if a foot should slip I would not add to the difficulty of crossing by struggling. I shut my eyes tightly and heard nothing above the rushing water but the strong voice by my side saying "All right, Gertrude," "You are nearly over," etc. When over, the carriers gathered around shaking hands and heartily saying "*A Keva, A Keva*" (the common but reverent way natives have of saying "Thank God").

The remainder of the journey until Wednesday night was through dense forest, sometimes climbing hills and again on the level, but everywhere forest. I never expect to see more beautiful ferns than on this part of the road. The last few miles were through Bule towns. None of the women and children had ever seen a white woman, and a curious, shouting crowd followed us. Some doubt was expressed as to whether I was really a woman, so the test was made of bringing me a baby to hold; a cunning little fellow. The result seemed quite satisfactory. One woman, after shaking hands, looked at her hand to see if any of that sickly white had rubbed off.

By noon we were at Efulen and received a hearty welcome from Dr. Good and Mr. Kerr.

LAOS.

Miss Fleeson wrote from Lakawn, April 20:

Our school was opened on the 11th of April. We have twenty-two boarders and expect four more tomorrow and have five day pupils. Miss Wilson takes entire charge of the afternoon session and I take the morning. A former scholar helps in teaching the little ones the Lao alphabet.

It is such a wonderful pleasure for me to be here. The long delay was trying. To just wait, when the work seemed pressing, was not easy. I think I learned some things though in waiting that may be of use now. I hope the time will come when I can help more in the mission, but now I have to let part of each day go to rest and trying to "serve God with a quiet mind." Dr. and Mrs. Thomas and Miss Hatch are a splendid addition to our numbers.

MEXICO.

A FIRST PROTESTANT CHURCH EDIFICE.

MRS. WILLIAMS wrote from SAN LUIS POTOSI:

My work in Ludington was among the young people, being president of the Christian Endeavor Society for three years, and I miss that more than any one thing here, but I hope soon to have a similar society here; have received the pledge cards and model constitution in Spanish from Boston. There are quite a number of young people in our church and they need just the training that society will give them. I am drilling them in singing. We have our new Spanish hymn-books. They learn the hymns, then are able to lead the congregation. They enjoy it and it makes them regular in their attendance at church. We can do very little till we get into our new chapel, which we hope to do about August 1. It is going to be very neat and pretty, the first Protestant church built in this place. It is attracting much attention from outsiders.

The little school-room in which we hold services at present will not seat many more than we now have, the attendance being seventy at church service; quite an increase over the dozen or fifteen that came last year. We feel that our Heavenly Father is in our midst, blessing our feeble efforts and showing us how He would have us work for Him. One by one these poor souls are being led into the light of our blessed Gospel, and they are faithful. One of the girls who is staying with us is such an earnest Christian. Her mother wished her to go to a ranch to visit some relatives, but Celsa refused, giving as her reason that here she could hear the Word of God every day and there she could not, and her religion came first.

WOMAN'S WORK.

The woman's prayer meeting is now carried on by the Methodist ladies, they having taken it up after Mrs. Beall left here. Many of our women attend.

We have re-organized the Woman's Society, and appointed several committees and given all the women some work; they are interested and will do whatever I ask. Meetings were varied, one being a Bible study in which I asked each one to learn a verse to answer to roll-call. I was pleased that so many responded, the more so as it was a difficult task for them, only a very few being able to read. They had to be taught their verses by others. At our next meeting we spent the time sewing (they met with me, as we cannot have the sewing machine at the church). Some of the garments made will be given away, others sold for a small sum. When they finished sewing I gave them their supper, about forty being present, and they all returned to their homes very happy. It does one good to give these poor souls a bright afternoon. I am growing to love my work among them more and more, and I feel as though God had sent me here to direct and help them.

GUATEMALA.

MRS. GATES wrote from GUATEMALA CITY July 4:

You do not know what pleasure I have had in reading the Annual Report sent out by the Board, and have resolved to form a little missionary society here in Guatemala consisting of myself. I inclose the first receipts. Now that I have taken up the foreign work I do not wish to lose my interest in the home side of it, by which I have received so many spiritual blessings. Of course I could put my mite right into the treasury here, but that would not be like giving. I would rather have it go into some other mission. There are many English and American ladies here who have plenty of time and money to enter into the work of a missionary society.

Mr. Gates and Mr. Haymaker continue their work as usual, my husband preaching every third Sunday in Spanish. The only actual work I have taken up is the little Sunday-school in the outskirts of the city. I print the hymns on factory cotton, so they can be read from the street, as most of the attendance is outside the doorway. There are many who will stand with their water-pots on their heads through the whole service, but cannot be induced to take a seat inside. I never urge them to come in, and seldom ask them. Sometimes some will come in while we sing, but scamper out when we read the Scriptures, to return when the next hymn is announced. I do not know what work I shall take up next. I will need to consult the Master very earnestly about it. No matter what plans we make for ourselves they are liable to fail, but God's plans never fail. And so I think it is better to perform a very small part in God's plan than to have one all my own. When one is trying to work in a place like this, where sin seems fetterless, we feel powerless to make any headway against it, but this is our hope and stay,—the Master is on the field. And so, dear friends, it is all right. We are the Lord's and the Lord is with us, and we must love and trust Him every day and there will surely some of Heaven's blessings fall, even in Guatemala.

SOULS IN THE MARKET.

The Indian tribes are very ignorant. Several times they have come to the house to sell their souls. We do not know what has put this idea into their heads, unless it be the stories the priests circulated at San Rosita, that Mr. Haymaker was the devil's agent to buy up souls. And the poor, ignorant creatures believed it and said they were in need of a little money and asked how much we would be willing to pay for their souls. The last time they came I was alone in the Mission House and found myself confronted with the duty of preaching a little sermon. When I told them that the soul was something that could not be bought with money they went away satisfied. They did not come to beg. They really believed they would be giving value for money received.

HOME DEPARTMENT

PROGRAMME FOR NOVEMBER MEETING.—SOUTH AMERICA.

"Judge a tree by its fruits," and surely the fruits of Romanism here, where it has held sway for so many years, are Immorality, Idolatry and Ignorance, with all their train of terrible evils. [*Extract from Mrs. Caldwell's letters.*]

1. **Hymn.**—"Oh for a Thousand Tongues."
2. **Scripture Lesson,** Ps. 97. Rom. I. : 14.15.
3. **Roll Call.** [Select texts from St. Paul, the great missionary.]
4. **Sing.**—"The Morning Light is Breaking."
5. **Secretary's and Treasurer's Reports.** *Announcements.*
6. **Topic Introduced by Leader.**
7. **Open Parliament.** Our Missions in Brazil.
8. **Brief Paper on Our Colombia Mission.** [Consult Gen'l Assembly Minutes and *Church at Home and Abroad,* Nov. '93.]
9. **Information Hour.** [Each member give a fact on S. America.]
10. **Chain of Prayer.** [Remembering especially the work and workers.]

[*Extracts from Mrs. Caldwell's letters from Bogota.*] "Roman Catholicism is not Christianity, nor has it the fruits of Christianity, and scarcely a worse evil could befall a nation than to fall into its clutches as these S. A. republics have done."

"If we can have the joy of seeing these boys and girls coming out as earnest Christians we shall be more than repaid for all we have suffered." [April 19, '94.]

"There is deep religious interest in the school. Pray they may not rest satisfied till they have the peace that cometh only to the believer. [June 8, '94.]

PORTLAND, ORE. *Alice M. Ghormley.*

MISSIONARY MATHEMATICS.

Condensed from Paper read at Annual Meeting in Scranton, Pa.

I HAVE heard children wish there were no such thing as Mathematics; and I have heard older people wish that the work of evangelizing the world could be accomplished without money, but you do not let a child drop arithmetic just because he finds it difficult; no more will our Great Teacher let us shirk the puzzling problems of Mission Finances. He knows this branch is fundamental, and to skip it would be to lose a training that is necessary before He can lead us on to higher branches of the Spiritual Education. Let us see then what application the principles of Missionary Mathematics bear to our individual service in the cause of foreign missions.

The four operations, Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication and Division, are called Fundamental Rules, and if we apply them to Missionary Finances we ought to find the fundamental principles of Missionary Mathematics. I think the first two teach us something about motives, and the last two something about methods of giving.

The first example of Addition which suggests itself is one which Christ gave: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." These few words give us the two great, underlying principles of right Giving—Consecration and Trust.

Have you yielded yourself to God so entirely that He has been able to reveal to your own soul somewhat of the fullness of His salvation? What is this salvation worth to you? In proportion as your appreciation of Christ grows, so will grow your desire to share this blessedness with

others. Do you place His valuation upon things temporal and eternal? Have you that Christ-love, that Christ-yearning for lost souls that you would leave the ninety and nine that are safe to seek over thorny paths the one lost? Until we realize that the coming of God's Kingdom in our hearts and in the hearts of others is the thing of paramount importance, we have missed the most powerful incentive to missionary effort.

Let us cease to talk so much about the "Lord's portion," dear friends. Rather let us feel that our time, powers, possessions, ourselves, are all His. Let us spend even that time and money which we must needs take for ourselves and our families "as unto the Lord"—as a part of necessary outlay for our life-service. And let us think of the distant workers and their needs with the same consideration we show ourselves. Has not Christ said that all needful things shall be added unto us? Shall we not take Him at His word, and prove this blessed Addition? With such a promise, why should there be anxious thought about our gifts, talk about "many demands upon the purse," in connection with the Lord's work? This standard of giving, I believe, is the only permanent incentive to self-sacrificing service. For this reason those who are responsible for training the young in mission work should have a definite aim to lead them, through the Spirit's guidance, into that personal relation to Christ which will cause them to put the things of His Kingdom *first*. Let us, as Band Leaders, depend upon God's spirit to touch and set on fire the heart of the individual member, rather than upon any novelty of programme or entertainments. Do not let us mistake machinery for power.

From this example of Addition, given by Christ Himself, I think we may deduce the following equation:

Consecration + Trust = Enthusiastic Service.

But Enthusiasm must be intelligently directed, so to it must be added Information. This should always be definite, especially for young people. Give them the material from which to make their own statistics. Let them add together the cost of a dozen Bibles, the expenses of the colporteur to carry them to those who never had God's Word, and show them whether the amount is less than they have spent during the month in candy and ice cream. I have heard of a Home Missionary recruiting, through the kindness of a friend, at Saratoga, who wrote to his wife that he estimated the cost of one dress he had seen worn there, as equal to that of one church building plus a dozen cabinet organs with as many Sunday-school libraries added.

Subtraction should teach us to get rid of that which hinders us in our work. Selfishness is directly opposed to generous giving. Do not let the claims of Self reach such an amount that they cannot be put in the Subtrahend and there be always a Remainder for the Lord's work. Lead the young people out of their self-centred lives to act as well as sing: "None of Self and all of Thee." This is substantially the same lesson we learned from Addition, emphasizing an important element of Consecration: losing sight of Self in the all-sufficiency of Christ. Let us crystallize this thought in the equation: "Christ-in-you" − Self = $\left.\begin{matrix}\text{Fruitful}\\ \text{Victorious}\end{matrix}\right\}$ Service.

If you desire a little exercise in Subtraction, look over the Annual Report of your Auxiliary and of the Board. See on which side the balance stands and resolve that, so far as your influence goes, Receipts shall never have to be subtracted from Expenses. Subtract the number of converts from the population of different heathen countries, and let the appalling result help you to realize that the King's business requires haste.

Multiplication has a lesson about methods of giving. I think it is by small gifts many times repeated, rather than by larger but less frequent offerings, that best results are reached. I believe that if we can multiply the number of givers, even though there be no increase in the money product, there is gain. In Mathematics ten times one and five times two give the same result, but in Missionary Arithmetic I think that ten times one brings the higher product; it represents twice the interest, and, we will hope, is accompanied by twice the prayer. For this reason I would urge parents not to give for the children, but to let each member of the family give a share of the missionary offering.

This formula, $10 \times 1 > 5 \times 2$, is far-reaching. If it is true of giving, it is equally so of serving. Who can say that she has not robbed God of small services, the product of which in His sight may greatly exceed in value that of the few greater ones we have offered. Let us never forget that Ability × Opportunity = Responsibility.

The Mite Box is an invaluable aid in Multiplication. Small gifts dropped in many times always surprise us with their product. May we never feel that we are too old to use one.

Do not fail to teach young people that beautiful object lesson in Multiplication which our Lord Himself taught when He took a small boy's small offering of a few small loaves and fishes, and in His hand multiplied it for satisfying the hunger of thousands.

Division brings us to the method of Proportionate Giving. If you have tried this for yourself you do not need that I recommend it to you. One finds such a blessed joy and liberty in giving when an amount is definitely set apart, no more to be touched for personal needs than if it had never been given into your hands, and when the only care is not, how much shall I give but how can I divide this sum to accomplish the most good? Children should be trained in this mode of giving, and if parents cannot grant them an allowance, they can interest themselves in devising ways for children to earn something for this purpose.

One would infer that Proportionate Giving would necessarily be Systematic, but it is is not always so. Do not draw upon this fund just as impulse prompts, but carefully and prayerfully consider the claim of different branches of Christian work, definitely apportion, and then give it regularly. Activity ÷ System = a World-Embracing Service.

There is unlimited material for statistics by Division. Divide the population of Christian lands by the number of its Gospel workers, and you will find that, including Sunday-school teachers, there is one worker to about every fifty of the population, while another process of Division will show that in Heathendom, reckoning missionaries, native workers, both men and women, there is only one Gospel worker to about every 31,000 souls. This is only a hint of what you can learn by Division. There is no time to dwell upon the humiliating example: Divide the sum total given by the Presbyterian Church to the cause of Foreign Missions, by the number of members. (In 1892, .97 cents per member!)

If we have learned these Introductory Processes we have already passed on to the Compound Interest hinted at in that verse: "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth." If not, let us learn it now; experience the blessing which returns to one's own soul after each act of Self-Denial, and makes us ashamed to call anything done for Christ's sake a sacrifice.

In order to gather up the thoughts of which we have been making application to individual workers, into an equation that will apply to the Auxiliary as a whole, we add the following: Enthusiasm + Information − Selfishness × Activity ÷ each member = a successful Missionary Society.

Elizabeth D. Howell.

By a typographical error, the circulation of Woman's Work for Woman was made last month to read 25,000, instead of 20,000, as written.

DO YOU SEND MISSIONARY BOXES?

Now about a Christmas box. Some one sent us last year a nice box with ready-made underclothing and all sorts of nice little Christmas toys, which were delightful to have, and yet I think we do not begin to need a Christmas box for our Korean children, as many a Montana or Oregon Home Missionary needs one. The Board supplies sufficient for food and clothing, and we can give them a very happy Christmas with little expense. Nearly every year some one here does something special for them. This year, Mrs. Underwood, as a thank-offering for her little boy's recovery in the summer, gave the schoolboys a Christmas treat and, another day, the girls. They had handkerchiefs, dolls, cakes of soap and a little feast. If no one outside should do for them, we can ourselves, without much expense, as I said before. The danger is in giving too much. So little in our eyes is so much to them, and yet these children are easily spoiled and can easily be made discontented.

So, when I think of the expense and trouble of getting a box here, I feel like saying "Don't do it," but send to some one out West who needs it vastly more. You will understand, I am sure, that I am not writing from lack of appreciation of what the gift might be, but as one who knows also the needs of the Home Mission-

ary who must depend upon a poor people in hard times for a part of his support. This probably would not hold good for Japan and some other countries, but here people live on so little and life is *so* different from what it is at home, that a little goes a long way.

A Missionary in Korea.

We fully endorse the intelligent remarks above from the lady in Korea. In those cases where foreign missionaries ask for "Boxes," there is no doubt about their usefulness. But if young people are preparing of their own motion to start a box on a long and expensive journey, they would do wisely to consult the Special Object Secretary or Home Secretary (see third page of cover of this magazine) of their own Board, as to where they shall send their box and what they shall put in it. Freight charges to some countries are much heavier than to others. Our missions to which boxes can be sent at relatively low rates are Africa, China, Japan, South India and Brazil.

In sending boxes abroad we wish to avoid three things:

1. Paying freight on a fifty-dollar box when perhaps ten dollars *sent as money* would meet the ends on the field equally well.
2. Sending boxes not worth the cost of freight.
3. Sending too expensive boxes. [We have seen such extravagant dolls, sent by a society of another Church, as would embarrass the missionaries receiving. How can they keep up to such a standard?]

N.B.—Pictures, cards and periodicals are sent by mail cheaper than by box.

Editor of Woman's Work.

SINCE LAST MONTH.

ARRIVALS.

July 27.—At Vancouver, B. C., Mrs. Ritchie, from Tungchow, China. Address, Wyoming, Ohio.

August 5.—At New York, Miss M. C. Holmes, from Syria. Address, Binghamton, N. Y.

August 10.—At San Francisco, Dr. and Mrs. Jas. W. McKean, from Chieng Mai, Laos. Address, 3844 Hamilton St., Omaha, Neb.

Rev. and Mrs. D. G. Collins, from Chieng Mai. Address, 414 East Ash St., Portland, Ore.

September 10.—At New York, Mr. Frederick Lenington, from Brazil. He will complete his studies at McCormick Seminary, Chicago.

DEPARTURES.

August 6.—From Vancouver, B. C., Mrs. Justus Doolittle, for Hangchow, China.

Chas. H. Denman, M.D., and Mrs. Denman; Rev. and Mrs. Howard Campbell, all to join the Laos Mission.

August 21.—From Tacoma, Wash., Rev. and Mrs. W. M. Hayes, returning to Tungchow, China.

Rev. and Mrs. J. P. Irwin, to join the Shantung Mission.

Rev. Edward B. Kennedy, to join the Central China Mission.

August 27.—From Vancouver, B. C., Mrs. J. L. Whiting and daughter, returning to Peking.

Mrs. Reuben Lowrie and Rev. Walter Lowrie, returning to Peking.

Rev. J. A. Miller, returning to Peking with his bride.

Miss A. P. Ballagh, returning to Tokyo, Japan.

August 29.—From New York, Rev. Herman Emanuel Schnatz, for Batanga, W. Africa.

September 11.—From Tacoma, Wash., Rev. and Mrs. J. E. Shoemaker, to join the Central China Mission.

September 15.—From New York, Miss Emilia Thomson, returning to Beirût, Syria.

MARRIAGES.

June 9.—At Peking, China, Dr. Mariam E. Sinclair, for six years medical missionary in Peking, to Rev. Isaac T. Headland, professor in Peking University and missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America.

July 5.—At Kobe, Japan, by Rev. A. V. Bryan, Miss Bessie Brown, of Yamaguchi to Rev. Mr. Scherer of the Lutheran Mission in Japan.

July 31.—At Westfield, Ind., Miss Florence Nightingale Stanbrough to Mr. Oscar Roberts, both under appointment for Interior West Africa.

March 27.—At Chefoo, China, Miss Mary A. Gochenour, deaconess of the American Methodist Mission at Nanking, to W. F. Seymour, M.D., of the Presbyterian Mission at Tungchow.

RESIGNATIONS.

Miss Jennie Dean, W. Persia. Appointed 1860.

Mrs. Van Hook, W. Persia. Appointed 1876.

Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Leonard, W. Japan. Appointed 1888.

Rev. and Mrs. O. F. Wisner, Canton, China. Appointed 1885 and 1889.

Miss Mary L. Symes, Allahabad, India. Appointed 1888.

DEATHS.

June 20.—At Bangkok, Siam, from fever, Emma, six years and three months, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. E. P. Dunlap.

September 1.—In hospital, at Los Angeles, Cal., Miss Mary K. Hesser, for twelve years missionary at Kanazawa, Japan. She returned last May for a surgical operation.

To the Auxiliaries.

[For address of each headquarters and lists of officers see third page of cover.]

From Philadelphia.

Send all letters to 1334 Chestnut Street.
Directors' Meeting first Tuesday of the month, and prayer-meeting third Tuesday, in the Assembly Room, each commencing at 11 A.M. Visitors welcome.

1870–1895. Keep our Twenty-fifth Anniversary year constantly on your minds and hearts. If you have not seen the special offering envelope and leaflet (free) send for them. One of our number handed the same to her father (not a Presbyterian) with no other thought than "to let him know what we were doing." He returned it with an approving little nod and ten dollars in the envelope.

SUMMER heat, vacation hours and harvest season may have caused you to forget the new helps issued in the spring, and here they are as reminders as you enter upon your work for the fall and winter :

Is It Nothing to You? A Cry from the Congo, How to Keep Our Hearts Warm in Summer, Some Methods of Work, all of them 1 cent each, 10 cents per dozen. *Topics for Y.P.S.C.E. and Mission Bands* is also very convenient, attractive and useful for Auxiliary Societies. Free except for postage. *Missionary Plans for Junior S.C.E.* and *Model Band Meeting*, both 3 cents each, will be found very suggestive and helpful. A number of names have already been received for our Covenant Book (see July number of W. W., page 191) and we shall expect more during the fall and winter. The Covenant is intended especially for young ladies, and we trust that it will be the means of interesting many who will during the coming year give earnest service in our woman's work for woman. There is nothing, however, in the pledge that will debar the members of Auxiliary Societies from using it, and it is heartily commended to all. Slips with the *Covenant* for signature and the leaflet, *The Reason Why*, will be furnished *free*. The *Illuminated Card* is 5 cents and the badge, shaped like a key, 30 cents.

A CIRCULAR has been prepared suggesting missionary work for Christian Endeavor Societies and has been sent to all those Societies that contributed to our treasury last year and to others that are not known to have taken up missionary work. In some cases the circular has been sent to the care of the secretary of the Auxiliary, with the hope that she will deliver it promptly and use her influence to secure careful attention and an early response. That this correspondence may be carried on more satisfactorily we repeat the request that you will *send to our Young People's Secretary the addresses of the Corresponding Secretaries of all Christian Endeavor Societies not working in connection with the Board of Foreign Missions and of the Superintendents of Junior Endeavor Societies.*

WORD has gone forth from the Board that missionaries returning to China and Japan may make ready to go as though there were no war between those countries. We get a brave "good-by" from one who goes back to Tokyo, "I expect to sail from Vancouver August 26, and hope to have a safe journey. I have no fear except pirates, and I trust we shall be preserved from them. My family are exceedingly anxious about the return now, but why should not the soldiers of the Cross be as ready for marching orders as any soldiers? We are in His care at all times and should feel perfectly safe."

From Chicago.

Meetings at Room 48 McCormick Block, 69 and 71 Dearborn Street, every Friday at 10 A.M. Visitors welcome.

DURING the month of September most of our Presbyterial Societies have met and in October come the Synodical meetings. The dates of several being the same, it is difficult to arrange for visitors. We hope to learn of helpful meetings and of greater growth in interest.

THE Korean war must certainly stimulate interest and prayer for the work and workers in the three countries involved. God rules and He will cause it to be for His glory in the end. He will care for His own, and yet we feel anxious for our missionaries.

OUR officers have arranged a new plan for the year which we hope our auxiliaries will make a note of, namely: For the last Friday in the month some one is appointed to inform herself as thoroughly as possible about the missionaries, stations and work for the next month; as for instance, October 26, some one will give the reports for South America, the November subject, and we hope as many of our auxiliaries in the city and suburbs as possible will arrange that some of their members may attend and thus get help for their own meetings.

WE are already hearing of the helpfulness of the little card of suggestions mentioned last month. The helps mentioned on it for October are: *Question-book on Persia*, 5 cents. *Life of Dr. Justin Perkins*, 18 cents. *Work for Foreign Missions Among Young People*, 1 cent. *Dollars for Self, Cents for Christ*, 1 cent. *Uncle Dan's Prayer*, 1 cent. As will be seen, some of them are stories or poems, which, read feelingly, will be of help to all present.

THE fall meetings we hope will be full of

prayer and effort; we are desirous that all make strong attempts and accomplish, too, the called for advance in funds. Do not wait until the last months but bring in your gifts now and try to add to them each following month.

We commend to the prayers of our Societies dear Mrs. McKee, whose husband "is not, for God took him."

Rev. and Mrs. Reese Thackwell of India met with us once more and told more fully the trials met by Christian converts and of their rapid increase notwithstanding persecution. Rev. and Mrs. Bandy who met them at Room 48 are fortunate in having their company upon their journey to their field in North India.

A little new missionary knocks at the door of the Board of the Northwest for recognition and sympathy and love—a daughter born to Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Wilson of Tabriz, Persia, at Lake Forest, Ill., July 25.—The *Interior*.

The Indiana Synodical Meeting will be held in the Second Presbyterian Church, Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 23–25. Preliminary conference of presbyterial officers, Oct. 23.

Mrs. D. B. Wells, Pres.
Mrs. O. W. Connor, Sec'y.

From New York.

Prayer-meeting at 53 Fifth Ave. the first Wednesday of each month at 10.30 A.M. Each other Wednesday there is a half-hour meeting for prayer and the reading of missionary letters, commencing at the same hour.

To All Our Auxiliaries,

Greeting.—With the advent of September our vacation days draw to a close. Fellow-laborers return from over land and over sea and we are confronted by the toils and pleasures of a new year's work. Shall we express our sense of the great need of Divine help at such a juncture by being with one accord in one place when the first prayer-meeting of the autumn is held?

To those who are within reach of the Mission House we would extend an especial invitation to be present in Lenox Hall, on the first floor, Wednesday, October 3, that together we may thank God and take courage.

M. H. B.

Our Silver Wedding Fund.—A few years ago, when Dr. Barnardo, of London, completed twenty-five years of splendid service for the waifs and strays of England he proposed that those interested in his work should contribute to a fund, to be called the "Silver Wedding Fund," in recognition of the quarter of a century which had passed since he had become wedded to his life work. This plan proved a great success. The books of the "Silver Wedding Fund" were kept open for a year and a half and thousands of pounds flowed into the treasury for the use of the children under his care.

Can we not, in some such way as this, recognize the fact that next April we shall celebrate our Twenty-fifth Anniversary? But in order to be ready then with an appropriate offering, we must not lose a moment in beginning now. We urge on all our Auxiliaries to call a meeting of their Executive Committees at once, to decide on their plan of work. Either propose to follow up the recommendation of the Foreign Mission Board to advance twenty-five per cent. on last year's gifts, as a delicate tribute of interest in the "Silver Wedding," or plan for a separate "Silver Wedding Fund," which may be sent in at the close of the season in a round sum. By all means avoid falling behind in gifts from the Presbyteries nearly $1,000, which was our sad report last April. Let us show, *now*, the value and power of united effort in every Children's Band, Christian Endeavor Society and Woman's Auxiliary by making a "strong pull, a long pull and a pull all together."

The boxes for Christmas, 1894, have all been sent off. Societies belonging to our own Board who are ready to help our missionaries with gifts and school rewards for 1895 are asked to send to Miss A. L. Denny for a list of articles most needed. No books, not even a newspaper, nor a card with printing on it, should be packed in any box *for Syria*, but all such may be sent by mail, "*via* Marseilles, France."

The attention of Junior Christian Endeavor Societies is called to the very interesting work which has been allotted to all those societies which have not yet pledged themselves to a "special object." For detailed information apply to the Presbyterial Band Secretaries.

From Northern New York.

The Semi-Annual Meeting of the Society will be held in Waterford, N. Y., Wednesday, October 3. Our Auxiliaries will be delighted to know that we are to have the editor of Woman's Work for Woman with us. Rev. Frank Gilman of Hainan, is also expected. A large representation is desired. Young people are expressly urged to see that their Band and C. E. S. are well represented. The ladies of the Waterford Church will provide lunch for all in attendance, and entertainment overnight for any who may not be able to return the same evening. The latter are requested to send their names to Mrs. William Gordon, Waterford, N. Y.

We hope that all of the C. E. Societies within our bounds are already planning for their share of the million dollars for Missions asked for by the convention at Cleveland. This year we want to send every one of our

C. E. S. contributions to Foreign Missions either through the Board, at 53 Fifth Avenue, or through our own Treasurers.

From San Francisco.

Board Meeting first Monday of each month at 920 Sacramento Street; business meeting at 10.30 A.M.; afternoon meeting and exercises of Chinese girls in the Home at 2 P.M. Visitors welcome.

THE Executive Meetings of the Board, which are held the third Monday of every month, are becoming quite as interesting and full of business as the regular monthly meetings. During this Executive Meeting, the Presbyterian Ministers of the city hold their regular Monday morning meeting in the Assembly Room. This week Dr. Minton of the Theological Seminary was the speaker and gave them an eloquent speech on Socialistic Revolution.

IN the school-room below, fifty-four girls, the greatest number ever in the Home, were assembled for their regular morning studies. Their shrill voices could be heard singing "Standing on the Promises." Coming and going through the halls and rooms were visitors and reporters asking for Miss Culbertson or members of the Board. You can thus see how crowded and useful is this new Home.

ONE afternoon in late August a reception was given to Mrs. Kelly, Mrs. Lowrie and Mrs. Coyle. Mrs. Kelly, our lately returned Delegate from General Assembly and Central Committee Meetings at Saratoga, gave a short but interesting account of her warm welcome by the Eastern ladies and Boards. Also an idea of the work done and the questions discussed. Mrs. Lowrie, who is on her way back to China, spoke a few moments on her work there. Mrs. Coyle, from Oakland, gave a brief account of her recent trip to the new Hawaiian Republic.

A SHORT time ago a small girl was rescued by Miss Culbertson from a Chinese undertaker's shop where she had been left by her owners to die. She is afflicted with a bad knee, and her owners, fearing they could neither sell her nor marry her to any one, took this way of getting rid of her. Miss Culbertson brought her to the Home and she is now doing well although fears are entertained that her leg will have to be amputated.

THE third Monday of September is to be given up to the Semi-annual Meeting of the Occidental Board. There will be the usual reports of Officers and Committees, to be followed by an address from Dr. Minton on the many foreign mission stations of the world which he has visited. A large attendance is hoped for and we believe this will rouse the public to an added interest both in the Home and in the Foreign Mission Fields.

From Portland, Oregon.

Meetings on the first and third Tuesdays of each month at the First Presbyterian Church. Visitors welcome.

WE hope every society will, during the year, hold a Praise Service. Begin early to plan for it. If you have never held one, delay no longer. Write to the Board for full instructions. Such a meeting is always a means of grace, both spiritually and financially, by calling out those unaccustomed to come. Many Societies in January hold a "Passover Meeting," and ask a gift from every one whose home has not been visited by the death angel.

"Twining in and out through all plans for our work, we should be sure that the *praying always* is never forgotten. Prayer for the workers at home and abroad; prayer for the children who are soon to be, nay, already are, workers; prayer for those who are uninterested in our own land, and for those who are without hope in heathen lands."

IMPRESSED by the necessity and importance of united prayer, over one hundred and fifty women in our Auxiliaries have signed the "Prayer League" pledge, which is as follows:

Believing in the power of united prayer, and in the Saviour's promise, "Where two of you shall agree upon earth as touching anything, it shall be done of my Father," etc.—we, the women of the North Pacific Board of Missions, do herewith pledge ourselves to pour out our hearts daily unto the King, touching those things whereunto we, as a Board, have set our hands.

We promise to pray for the continued outpouring of the Spirit of Missions upon all our officers, and upon every woman within our bounds, that we may all be found watching, with our lights burning, when the King shall come to take account of His servants.

THE Chinese girls in our Home will dress, for sale, Chinese dolls in Chinese costume. It is hoped a number of orders may be received before Christmas.

NEW AUXILIARIES AND BANDS.

CALIFORNIA.

Calistoga, S.C.E.
Fillmore.
Fort Bragg, S.C.E.
Petaluma, Jr C. E.
Rutherford, S.C.E.
St. Helena, Jr. C.E.
Santa Rosa, Jr. C. E.

COLORADO.

Denver, Westminster Ch., Whosoever Band.
Golden, Whatsoever Society.
Highlands, Onward and Upward Band.

INDIANA.

Kingsland.

IOWA.

Volga.

MONTANA.

Philipsburg.

NORTH DAKOTA.

Pembina.

SOUTH DAKOTA.

Miller, Willing Workers.